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ARMIDA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OTTMAN H. ROTHACKER.

When she is near,
I feel the hot blood mount into my cheek;
I move as one upon whose life a spell,
Most powerful, hath fallen, and I speak
With word-clogged tongue; but, why I cannot tell.

And when her eyes
Glance into mine, a strange, electric thrill
Runs through each vein; I bow my head and stand
A soul-bound captive, subject to her will,
Held fast with silken cords to fairy-land.

And when her hand,
Fair, white and jeweled, rests within mine own,
I know not if the world is dark or bright.
The sun may shine, or Winter winds may moan,
The outer world is blotted from my sight.

I can but see
The rare, sweet beauty of her dark-blue eyes,
The well-poised head, the dainty, red-ripe lips,
The wealth of Saxon curls, blown careless wise—
What wonder if all else is in eclipse?

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE;

OR,

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

CHAPTER I.

Alas! the brain is too oft doome! to bear
The gripes of poverty and stings of care.—POPE.

When Mr. Edward Temple, in the very prime of his manhood, had been stricken down with one of those inexplicable and nameless illnesses which come without warning and end perhaps in a few hours, and was carried off to the great valley of rest, he left his wife and two daughters almost totally unprovided for. There was a son, a young athlete and scholar, but he had long left home, following the bent of his restless nature and seeking his fortune abroad, and news of him came seldom and at long intervals.

Mr. Temple belonged to a good family—old English gentlefolk—but he was a younger son and had had to shift for himself. He had made the great mistake that too many make in not providing for a rainy day; and so when he died his only legacy, besides the lease of the house and its furniture, was his debts, and they would have swallowed up the poor widows furniture had not the elder members of Mr. Temple's family come forward and saved it. He had had very little intercourse with his family in life; but death brings even foes together, and the Temples came, willing to forget his faults, now that they were to be atoned for, and pay a last tribute to his memory.

But family assistance never extends beyond the limits of actual necessity. Generosity is a virtue found only in friends; and one's relations are not one's friends, nor are friends one's relations. The now sadly melancholy house at Kennington was saved, with its furniture. A decent funeral for the deceased, mourning for the bereaved widow and her daughters, were provided, and a tablet erected to the memory of her husband in a shaded corner of Brompton Cemetery, and then the Temples thought they had done enough, and left Mrs. Temple and her children to themselves—sometimes the kindness was for the better, more often for the worse—would cause them to leave at a week's notice. Those who could pay were an endless trouble, as a rule. Late risers kept late company, and wanted attendance till within ten minutes of their bed-times. Some had been quiet and content, and a source of trouble, as a rule were people who had suffered like Mrs. Temple, and couldn't always pay.

So, as the months went on, and the mourning was getting brown and threadbare, and the slender resources were becoming less and less, and Mrs. Temple's heart sank very low indeed, there came a quiet elderly man, who, impressed by the cleanliness and the distinctly unlodging-house appearance of both residence and mistress, took the second-floor on the terms asked for a permanency. He wanted gas and boot-cleaning, he said, and very little attendance, and that only on Sundays.

His name was Robert Joyce, and his profession the law. He was connected with an eminent firm, and had a private connection of his own, and his daily habits are thus summed up, and perhaps his character too: Breakfast, 8 o'clock sharp, and punctual always as the hours came round. Mrs. Temple thanked Providence for sending her such a lodger. They seldom saw each other, and then only to pass the usual compliments, nothing more.

Ellen Temple was in receipt of a salary now, and paid her own 'bus-fare morning and night, and bought those "little extras" which she deemed necessary to the welfare of her position in the great millinery house of Oxford street. But still the strictest economy was necessary, and Ellen even now, and, though there was no card in the window, Mrs. Temple had still a portion of the house to let. But she advertised, and, many as the applicants were, it was a long time before she met with anyone suitable. A second lodger came at last—a young man with almost the flaxen-colored hair of a child, white face, and a bushy, straw-colored beard and moustache. He had the faintest foreign accent, and a quiet, deliberate, cautious way that stamped him of Saxon origin at once.

He wanted partial board and one good room. Mrs. Temple rather liked him, he was so precise, so straight-laced, in his white linen and long-skirted frock-coat and black scarf, his small gloved hands and fragile boots. Looking at him at first sight, you would unconsciously miss much of the powerful breadth of his chest and back, made broader still by the high, straight cut of his shoulders.

His references were good, and, terms being agreed upon, Mr. Charles Ruhl—Ruhl was the name he gave, and Mrs. Temple at once concluded he was German—became not only an inmate of the dull house at Kennington, but very shortly like one of the family.

He was the kind of man to make way amongst strangers. He talked well, sang with that vivacity and musical, ringing voice so often found among Germans, and played the piano as much from ear as music, though he did it well. Add to this a tireless willingness to please, or perform any little service for those about him, and there is nothing strange in the fact that he should very soon become a favorite.

He spoke French exceedingly well, as a limitless number of Germans do, and was a scholar in his native tongue, though he had lived over fifteen years in England. Amy, always impulsive, and a little bit masculine, liked him, and the childish affection increased when he grew more familiar, and his tender, brotherly way won her young love. He helped her in her studies, played and sang to her, made himself her companion and playfellow, took her for evening strolls, and altogether became a bright acquisition to the dull home and the fatherless child, who never knew the want of friends until poverty came.

With Ellen Temple Mr. Charles Ruhl was strangely subdued. He rarely spoke of her when absent, after the first week or so. He seemed to regard her as entirely a superior being, and he was almost servile in his attention to her during the quiet evenings at home.

"Your daughter, Miss Ellen, will make a very lovely woman, Mrs. Temple," he had said after the second morning they had met—"a splendid, queenly woman, too, and she is very clever."

He never tired of hearing her sing or play, and he was always silent when she talked. In time to come, when the evenings were drawing in, he took to escorting her home, sometimes lingering amongst the shops by the way and purchasing little trifles, which she accepted in a sisterly way and saw no harm in it, for he was so much like one of the family. Amy called him Charley, Ellen spoke of him as Charles, and Mrs. Temple had dropped unconsciously into the way of calling him Ruhl simply.

"It is well for me I found a home at last," he said, with a sigh of happy contentment, when the family were enjoying an evening's music, "for I have none save this, and no friends in this country save you all here. Heaven be thanked! and may I never lose you."

There was a curiously old, reflective look and tone upon him then. He had deep, reflective moods at times, and Ellen, watching him closely, wondered what great trouble there was behind that almost radiant smile.

The second year of Mrs. Edward Temple's widowhood brought something like the old tranquility to the dull old house at Kennington. Ellen's elegant presence, her refined taste and superior education, had brought her the advancement she had dreamed of in the first few months of her noviciate drudgery. She was a favorite with the distinguished patrons of the firm, as well as the heads of the firm, who paid her a liberal salary and thought her an acquisition.

But she had to dress now with less regard to her own means than to the effect from a business point of view. To be constantly in the fashion was a duty she owed to her employers, who were wise enough to prefer their goods being displayed on such a model as Miss Temple to those imperfect, hard-faced, waxen and cardboard dummies.

It is possible that, had Ellen not been fortunate enough to hold a superior position in the firm, she would never have remained amongst the rank and file. She was more contented now, though her duties caused her a tinge of mortification sometimes, and those times were when she had to wait upon ladies at their own residences. The ladies sometimes forgot that they were ladies, and behaved in an overbearing, upstart, contemptuous way, which would disgrace any true-hearted Englishwoman.

But Ellen used to think of her helpless young sister at home, and the widowed mother dependent upon the dull house and the help that was accorded her; so she used to pocket her indignation and play the brave little woman that she was.

Charles Ruhl used to sit with a deep light in his eyes and a hard, grim smile on his locked mouth, when Ellen used to tell these things, more for the amusement of her mother than as a complaint; but Ruhl saw deeper down into her secret heart than any of the household would ever suppose.

"I know," he said, on one of these occasions, "how you must hate those people. Because you feel yourself their equal in birth and education, which you are, and we all know how proud Ladybird is, don't we, mamma?"

He had a playful, affectionate way of saying "Mamma" to Mrs. Temple that nearly always won a smile from her in response.

"Indeed we do, Charles."

He was "Charles" now. They had ceased to think of him as a lodger any longer.

"But Ellen's life is an easier one than it would have been had she taken to teaching."

"She could never do that. Could you, princess?" Ruhl answered, fixing his steady blue eyes upon her, and she thought what a frank, handsome fellow he was.

"No," she said simply. "I should kill the children in a fit of impatient desperation, and myself too."

"The children I should not mind, but yourself, princess—well—I don't think we could do without you. You shall be a lady some day—a fine lady, too," he went on, in a half-earnest, half-playful way.

"Indeed! When, may I ask?" said Ellen, resting her dimple chin in her dainty hand, and looking up at him with her lustrous, dark eyes, sparkling with amusement. "When, Mr. Prophet?"

"When the ship comes home," answered Charles Ruhl, averting his eyes for once.

"Whose ship?" asked Ellen.

Amy was standing by Ruhl's side, with his arm round her waist, her face—red, round, and babyish yet—turned towards her sister; but she looked down at Charles now with a straight, searching glance, when Ellen, after a moment's hesitation on his part, repeated the question:

"Whose ship?"

"Mine," he answered, with a slow, subdued emphasis, and glancing up with his white face, graver than they had ever seen it.

Amy's eyes dropped, their long lashes threw a shadow on her cheeks, on which the color slowly rose and faded, and then deepened, but unnoticed, by a child—a child with as yet no purpose, no thought above her own whims, no undercurrent in her nature—at least, so they thought who, so very little older, deemed themselves so very, very much wiser.

The effect of Charles Ruhl's answer was strange, though unconsciously. Mrs. Temple fixed her glance upon him; her face wore the light of a sudden hope, a newly-born pleasure. Ellen looked thoughtful, and then, remembering that they were always playing courtship, she laughed outright.

"It's as well to have good expectations," she said.

"But can you tell us the ship launched yet?"

"Launched!" repeated Ruhl, pondering like one working out a proposition. "Launched? Yes; long ago, and laden; but she wants a cool, dauntless commander, a fearless, experienced pilot, to take her safely through. She is returning and forged by rocks and breakers and shoals, storms and tempests ruled by the powerful hand of Providence. All these dangers stand in her way, princess. But she may have a calm sky, a tranquil sea and a fair, friendly wind; she may weather the straits and ride safely over the breakers—we shall say so—and cast her proudly as a anchor for the rest of her days."

"What is she called?" asked Ellen.

"Fortune," was the reply.

"Then I shall pray that your good ship Fortune make a speedy voyage, for if when the ship comes home it will be a fine lady, I pray that it will make haste," she continued, with a flush on her face and a light in her eyes that too plainly showed her heart's fondest desire.

"People's ships don't always come home," said Amy suddenly, with a kind of grim consolation in the thought. "Mrs. Wax always says what she would do when her ship arrived, but I suppose it's gone down long ago, and so will yours, perhaps."

Charles Ruhl laughed outright at the impetuosity of Miss Amy.

"Sometimes people only use the words for the sake of it, little one," he said, "and with no hope of ever seeing it arrive. But I have a ship launched. It may get wrecked, truly, my blackeyed prophetess; but if it do, all hands and the commander will get wrecked too probably, and lost beyond all redemption."

"Who is the commander?" asked Amy, struck by the very grave earnestness of Charles' manner.

"I am."

"Then I hope it won't get wrecked," she said; "and, if it do, its commander ought to have some sort of life belt or spar at hand for him to catch at when he himself when he sees that all else is lost. Oh, I wish I were a man! I'd let them see whether I wouldn't live even by my very eyelashes, and I would defy everyone until I gained my end—whatever, that is, I took in hand."

Amy was given to breaking out this way now and then. There was much of her brother's fierce, wayward spirit intensified in this robust, broad shouldered child, whose splendid, prematurely developed limb-power made her strikingly noticeable, though there were those who, for the want of knowing better, or perhaps for the want of a little of that Christian virtue charitableness, called her "Fatty."

Charles Ruhl seemed most struck by this outburst. He looked up into her round face, with its heightened color, and contemplated her as if he had but just perceived the signs of a great character, almost eccentric, just budding into maturity; and by the inner light in his eyes it was just possible that he was then weighing her words. Ellen had half a mind to question Charles Ruhl about his future prospects very much herself, but he was straightway petitioned upon all personal matters. He had told them that relations in London he had none.

"And as to those in Germany," he said with a contemptuous laugh, "they are older than I, and so stand prior in the claim to the money, which I believe is held by an uncle or grandmother's cousin, or someone; as if an English shopkeeper couldn't buy up half a dozen German barons, and then supply them with pocket-money."

He always spoke lightly of his country, and contemptuously of its poverty-stricken nobles. But that he was a young man of really good extraction had been proved by correspondence in his possession, and by the stamp of the man. His position in London was not a bad one. Steady, sober, reliable, clever at figures, a splendid business capacity, and invaluable when there was much foreign correspondence, there can be no wonder that he was petted and permitted to hold an almost independent position in the firm of Messrs. Saxon, Coburg & Co., at a salary of nearly two hundred pounds a year.

He was careful with his money, without being mean; never a week passed without he brought some little present for Amy, whom he spoiled and petted like a young sister. Ellen he almost quite supplied in gloves, and once a week at least he either brought tickets or paid for them all to go to the theatre. The members of the family who honored Mrs. Temple with a visit now and then saw and liked him. The Temples heard of him, and a whole history of his sayings and doings, with his photograph, had been sent out to Edward, who when next heard of had traversed some hundreds of miles through the bush, and who said their journey had only just begun.

When Charles Ruhl retired to rest on this particular night, after the quiet, homely gossip which had taken the place of the music, he became moodily thoughtful when in the precincts of his own room. Despite the ready smile and his light-hearted way in company, he was a deep thinker. Many of his leisure hours were devoted to study; even now to be above most men was his aim, and he had the strong will to make him succeed.

He went about his room like one holding a mental monologue. His head was bent, one hand was thrust idly into his trowsers' pocket, the other in the breast of his vest. His whole mien was that of deep, meditative study, not quite devoid of doubt and perplexity, judging by the various shadows that passed and repassed over his broad white forehead, so prominent and heavy that his eyebrows jutted out over his eyes, shading them with a deep, impenetrable dusk.

Pausing at length before the chimney, and with a quiet kind of grim smile on his face, Charles Ruhl took a pencil from his waistcoat-pocket, tore a blank half-sheet off a little book, and penciled thereon, in a bold, round hand, the following extracts from Miss Amy's impetuous speech:

"The commander ought to have some sort of lifebelt or spar at hand, ready to clutch to save himself when he sees that everything is lost; when his lifeship is wrecked at last."

Whatever significance these words bore on paper, or however much greater that significance was on paper, it is just possible that, had Amy herself been present, Charles contemplate them in silence, and finally he pinned the penciled strip to the wall-paper above his fireplace, and, adding a few remarks to an irregularly-kept diary or journal, he went to bed. Soon at peace in sleep—tranquil, too, in his dreams, to judge by his smiles—he breathed like a child.

The next day was Sunday, and he took Ellen and Amy to church, but his mind wandered from the service; when he opened the prayer-book his mind was mentally reading that strip of paper pinned up on the wall-paper above the fireplace.

That quiet evening's gossip, which had taken such a serious turn, had opened up a new channel of thought and reflection for him. He had seen, then, Ellen Temple's pride and ambition, he knew the best of her mind. She must be a lady even as a cost. Her present position was preliminary to a needy marriage. Her husband must be a man of some standing, some wealth; even though she loved him dearly, these were considerations she would never overlook, even at her heart's sacrifice.

Charles Ruhl became disquieted after he had come to this conclusion. He went earlier to business, and came home later; and while Amy was sitting studying her German lessons, he would sit by and work unceasingly at balance-sheets, tables of discount, or foreign bonds, due or overdue, in the hands of the firm of Messrs. Saxon, Coburg & Co. Ellen, coming home unexpectedly early one night, found him plodding on over sheets of, to her, mysterious figures.

Peeping over his shoulder with a woman's curiosity, she caught sight of a name that seemed to interest her very much, or perhaps only struck her from its attractive sound.

"'Francis Craythorpe Hopetown!' Why, what can your firm have to do with those people?"

"Do you know them, then, princess?" asked Charles, looking up at her in some surprise.

"Mrs. Hopetown is a customer of ours. I have waited on her twice."

"Mrs.? Oh, that's another matter. I was thinking only of this young spark, sole heir to Mr. Hopetown's immense property. Heavens! some people are born to revel in riches. Not only does he come into nearly a million of money, but there is only one life between him and a baronetcy, with fifteen thousand a year."

"How do you come to know so much, pray?"

"His late uncle was connected with our firm, who have now to pay in to this young fellow's account over five thousand a year, sometimes more; and it he chose to come into the firm himself a little, it would be eight thousand. John Hopetown was the moneyed sleeping partner of our place, and built our two best ships, the Syren and the Merle, and I have to do this young swell's business for him at a salary of two hundred. 'Mr. Wax always says' that she would do when her ship arrived, but I suppose it's gone down long ago, and so will yours, perhaps."

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The next day was Sunday, and he took Ellen and Amy to church, but his mind wandered from the service; when he opened the prayer-book his mind was mentally reading that strip of paper pinned up on the wall-paper above the fireplace.

That quiet evening's gossip, which had taken such a serious turn, had opened up a new channel of thought and reflection for him. He had seen, then, Ellen Temple's pride and ambition, he knew the best of her mind. She must be a lady even as a cost. Her present position was preliminary to a needy marriage. Her husband must be a man of some standing, some wealth; even though she loved him dearly, these were considerations she would never overlook, even at her heart's sacrifice.

Charles Ruhl became disquieted after he had come to this conclusion. He went earlier to business, and came home later; and while Amy was sitting studying her German lessons, he would sit by and work unceasingly at balance-sheets, tables of discount, or foreign bonds, due or overdue, in the hands of the firm of Messrs. Saxon, Coburg & Co. Ellen, coming home unexpectedly early one night, found him plodding on over sheets of, to her, mysterious figures.

Peeping over his shoulder with a woman's curiosity, she caught sight of a name that seemed to interest her very much, or perhaps only struck her from its attractive sound.

"'Francis Craythorpe Hopetown!' Why, what can your firm have to do with those people?"

"Do you know them, then, princess?" asked Charles, looking up at her in some surprise.

"Mrs. Hopetown is a customer of ours. I have waited on her twice."

"Mrs.? Oh, that's another matter. I was thinking only of this young spark, sole heir to Mr. Hopetown's immense property. Heavens! some people are born to revel in riches. Not only does he come into nearly a million of money, but there is only one life between him and a baronetcy, with fifteen thousand a year."

"How do you come to know so much, pray?"

"His late uncle was connected with our firm, who have now to pay in to this young fellow's account over five thousand a year, sometimes more; and it he chose to come into the firm himself a little, it would be eight thousand. John Hopetown was the moneyed sleeping partner of our place, and built our two best ships, the Syren and the Merle, and I have to do this young swell's business for him at a salary of two hundred. 'Mr. Wax always says' that she would do when her ship arrived, but I suppose it's gone down long ago, and so will yours, perhaps."

Charles Ruhl laughed outright at the impetuosity of Miss Amy.

"Some people only use the words for the sake of it, little one," he said, "and with no hope of ever seeing it arrive. But I have a ship launched. It may get wrecked, truly, my blackeyed prophetess; but if it do, all hands and the commander will get wrecked too probably, and lost beyond all redemption."

"Who is the commander?" asked Amy, struck by the very grave earnestness of Charles' manner.

"I am."

"Then I hope it won't get wrecked," she said; "and, if it do, its commander ought to have some sort of life belt or spar at hand for him to catch at when he himself when he sees that all else is lost. Oh, I wish I were a man! I'd let them see whether I wouldn't live even by my very eyelashes, and I would defy everyone until I gained my end—whatever, that is, I took in hand."

Amy was given to breaking out this way now and then. There was much of her brother's fierce, wayward spirit intensified in this robust, broad shouldered child, whose splendid, prematurely developed limb-power made her strikingly noticeable, though there were those who, for the want of knowing better, or perhaps for the want of a little of that Christian virtue charitableness, called her "Fatty."

Charles Ruhl seemed most struck by this outburst. He looked up into her round face, with its heightened color, and contemplated her as if he had but just perceived the signs of a great character, almost eccentric, just budding into maturity; and by the inner light in his eyes it was just possible that he was then weighing her words. Ellen had half a mind to question Charles Ruhl about his future prospects very much herself, but he was straightway petitioned upon all personal matters. He had told them that relations in London he had none.

"And as to those in Germany," he said with a contemptuous laugh, "they are older than I, and so stand prior in the claim to the money, which I believe is held by an uncle or grandmother's cousin, or someone; as if an English shopkeeper couldn't buy up half a dozen German barons, and then supply them with pocket-money."

He always spoke lightly of his country, and contemptuously of its poverty-stricken nobles. But that he was a young man of really good extraction had been proved by correspondence in his possession, and by the stamp of the man. His position in London was not a bad one. Steady, sober, reliable, clever at figures, a splendid business capacity, and invaluable when there was much foreign correspondence, there can be no wonder that he was petted and permitted to hold an almost independent position in the firm of Messrs. Saxon, Coburg & Co., at a salary of nearly two hundred pounds a year.

He was careful with his money, without being mean; never a week passed without he brought some little present for Amy, whom he spoiled and petted like a young sister. Ellen he almost quite supplied in gloves, and once a week at least he either brought tickets or paid for them all to go to the theatre. The members of the family who honored Mrs. Temple with a visit now and then saw and liked him. The Temples heard of him, and a whole history of his sayings and doings, with his photograph, had been sent out to Edward, who when next heard of had traversed some hundreds of miles through the bush, and who said their journey had only just begun.

When Charles Ruhl retired to rest on this particular night, after the quiet, homely gossip which had taken the place of the music, he became moodily thoughtful when in the precincts of his own room. Despite the ready smile and his light-hearted way in company, he was a deep thinker. Many of his leisure hours were devoted to study; even now to be above most men was his aim, and he had the strong will to make him succeed.

He went about his room like one holding a mental monologue. His head was bent, one hand was thrust idly into his trowsers' pocket, the other in the breast of his vest. His whole mien was that of deep, meditative study, not quite devoid of doubt and perplexity, judging by the various shadows that passed and repassed over his broad white forehead, so prominent and heavy that his eyebrows jutted out over his eyes, shading them with a deep, impenetrable dusk.

Pausing at length before the chimney, and with a quiet kind of grim smile on his face, Charles Ruhl took a pencil from his waistcoat-pocket, tore a blank half-sheet off a little book, and penciled thereon, in a bold, round hand, the following extracts from Miss Amy's impetuous speech:

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THE DEMON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN W. HUNT.

Once upon a midnight chilling,
While I sat much knowledge spilling
Into this cranium long,
Suddenly there came a squalling
As of someone loudly bawling
With a voice both harsh and strong.
The book that I was reading, dropping,
And with cotton both ears stopping,
Cried: "Is't the devil, I'd like to know?"
But the same voice answered—"Not for Joe."

"Who art thou, then, 'vile midnight prowler?
And won't you tell me why, good howler,
You screech and squall and holler so?
Art thou some poor drunken seaman,
Or art thou goblin, imp or demon,
Coming from the realms below?"
The voice still answered—"Not for Joe."

Then my face did blanch with terror
As a fiery form drew nearer,
With a step so firm and slow.
"Speak! who art thou, fearful being?
And tell me what my eyes are seeing,
And if you had not better go?"
But it answered—"Not for Joe."

Then a bowl of slops uplifting,
And its contents quickly shifting
O'er the demon's head, when lo!
Out from the goblin's skin came slipping,
With his head and face all dripping,
A figure that I well did know.
Asking in accents low and pleading—
'Don't you know me? Billy Sleading.
Oh! do not frown upon me so!"
But I answered—"Not for Joe."

Down upon his knees then falling,
And for mercy loudly calling,
"Oh! please sir, will you let me go?"
Then I asked him, sternly frowning,
As his eyes in tears were drowning,
"Will you e'er again do so?"
And he answered—"Not for Joe."

Quickly then he turned to leave me—
And now, dear friends, you'll scarce believe me,
But I swear that this is so:
His studied meekness 'twas all pretending,
For his fingers, from nose extending—
How 'tis done I do not know—
Cried out loudly—"Not for Joe."

THE SWORDSMITH OF TOLEDO;

OR, THE

SONS OF TUBAL CAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FRUITS OF POISON.

Valerian II, Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, Grand Chancellor of Castile, State Councilor, whose right of speech ranked him next to the King, was a mighty potentate. Seventeen cities, and villages innumerable, helped to furnish that revenue of fifty thousand ducats which had maintained the magnificence of his palace adjoining the splendid Cathedral. Valerian had not always been a father of the Church, save by title. In his earlier years he had led, in the cardinal's habit and hat, one of those scandalous lives, all the more reprehensible because they are cloaked in pretended sanctity. But suddenly, with an abruptness indeed which made many dubious as to the sincerity of his conversion, he had laid aside utterly the evil course of life, and in every possible way made it manifest that holiness might be a virtue of living men.

Though he created enemies at every step, he purified the Cathedral of the army of idlers and cheats who played upon the ignorant worshipers. He resisted the encroachments of the Holy Inquisition, and held himself in sworn rivalry to the Archbishop of Seville, who was head of that dread council. Whosoever sought sanctuary in Toledo—Jew, Gentile, Moor—was defended tooth and nail, like his own flocks, by the brave Valerian. The people loved him so profoundly that even Count Diego's power rebounded harmlessly from the Cathedral walls. It was known, too, that the Archbishop had the ear of the Emperor, who properly appreciated his justice and wisdom. Each day Valerian became more and more of a saint, so said his congregation. He wore haircloth, he never permitted rich dishes at his table, founded the Hospital for the poor, established a leper hospital, forced his soldiery to clear the roads of the Toledan See from robbers, and, to crown all, turned the Archbishop's palace into a hospital for the crippled.

Thus it was in the chapel of St. Martin, then dilapidated, that he took up his home within the Cathedral itself. The window was not placed, and the peril in such recklessness of his person. He had persisted in lodging like a beggar, and now he was racked to the bones with a consuming fever. As he turned as incessantly on his pallet as another St. Lawrence, every now and then struggling for breath, he presented a pitiable spectacle. Kneeling beside his venerable head was the swordsmith. An aged monk was telling his beads in the bare corner, where a platter of mush and a jug of water waited for the self-denying or self-punishing prelate's repast.

"My son," faltered the latter in a broken and faint voice, "I must tell you that your remedies cannot avail me. I must depart from this house. Your servants were tempted to poison me! Hush! Brother Francisco need not hear our conversation. He is a man lifted above worldly thoughts, and it is futile to arouse him to the prevalence of iniquity. I am poisoned, Hernan, poisoned to the death."

A sudden exhaustion shook the emaciated frame and suspended his speech. The smith hastened to encourage him, but his wan smile showed how little he could be affected by the comfort.

"The new priest, appointed to the custody of the treasure of our Holy Temple, who comes none knoweth whither, in correspondence with the Archbishop of Seville, my mortal foe—he comes from the Alcazar, and whosoever has your bad brother's recommendation must be one of the doomed. If venom taints my blood—and by the unearthly burning which I experience, my malady is not of nature—it has been administered by this stranger. And yet I had such care exercised in my simple food!"

"The villains," exclaimed Rierez.

"To such depths will the perversity of man descend, mercy's me!" said the dying prelate, shuddering and turning his eyes to the ceiling where a cross was carved. "I must not say it. So look to yourself after this warning, Hernan. Our messenger slain, your adopted daughter stolen away—that pious, beautiful child—myself stricken down in the core of the sanctuary—these are cautions not to be rashly despised. Hernan, delay no longer."

"I have resolved to act on the moment. I await only the answer to my letter to the person you wot of. It is purely form, for his august aid is already pledged to me."

"And now a perplexing cause. Since a name for benevolence has been earned by the brother of St. Bernard, our town has been more visited by unfortunates than Seville or Valladolid. But within these few days a number of beggars—not all honest wretches, but sturdy vagrants, whose backs know by no profoundly that even Count Diego's power rebounded harmlessly from the Cathedral walls. It was known, too, that the Archbishop had the ear of the Emperor, who properly appreciated his justice and wisdom. Each day Valerian became more and more of a saint, so said his congregation. He wore haircloth, he never permitted rich dishes at his table, founded the Hospital for the poor, established a leper hospital, forced his soldiery to clear the roads of the Toledan See from robbers, and, to crown all, turned the Archbishop's palace into a hospital for the crippled.

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"And now a perplexing cause. Since a name for benevolence has been earned by the brother of St. Bernard, our town has been more visited by unfortunates than Seville or Valladolid. But within these few days a number of beggars—not all honest wretches, but sturdy vagrants, whose backs know by contact the lash of every executioner in Spain and beyond—these flock in hosts into the hospitals, nay, the crowded out do sleep in the open, abroad and forlorn, little sheltered as I am myself. What does this mean, Hernan?"

"I scarcely know, unless suspicion must perforce fall on my malicious brother."

"Winter will drive wolves out of their coverts to our doors, but it is summer, and nature is not unkind in June to homeless people."

"The forerunners of these vagabonds," said the armorer thoughtfully, "paid me a visit to begin with. I would I had eyed them more closely, for they stepped from their rags in my mill into the highest berths at the disposal of my brother. Diego has made of the one his master of the household; of the other his captain-at-arms—a one-legged fellow, stoutly-built, nevertheless a singular choice for a warrior. There has been a cunning winnowing of the castle servants, and those in my pay have been sifted out, save one or two, who send me no news, and, besides, are not worthy of trust."

Rierez was speaking more to himself than to his old friend, when suddenly a rough knock at the door not only aroused him from his reverie, but turned his attention again upon the Archbishop. Exhausted by his long speech, the latter had sunk back and closed his eyes. His breathing, though feeble, was regular and somewhat clearer.

The swordsmith could remain no longer. As the old priest, at last brought back to the outer world, rose and shambled to the door, shaken by the still more violent demand for admission, Rierez stepped over to a picture on panel of a St. John and his dish of locusts and honey, and opened it like a door. Into the cavity thus disclosed he darted, and, the panel closing hermetically behind him, the persons bursting into the chapel were totally unconscious of his recent presence.

"There!" cried the foremost of the intruders, thrusting aside the wonder-stricken old priest, with his arm extended to point to the Archbishop. "There's our lukewarm defender of Mother Church. Do not heed this mole—he is half-blind, and deaf, and wholly out of his wits."

The personage to whom was addressed this speech was magnificently attired. His velvets, ermine, scarlet, Flanders lace, Italian rings, and close-cut, smooth face, proved—since he seemed hot with haste of travel—that he had journeyed in a sumptuous litter, rather than on back of mule. But the world was pretty well aware that Don Isidro Dominques, lord of many manors, Archbishop of Seville, was not wont, on any occasion, even for gold, to distress himself bodily or mentally.

Behind him, clad in a monk's habit, showed the yellow skull of Orsono, and, clad in an Eastern suit of mail, Captain Hassan Mondragon kept the door. The passage was crowded with the priestly inhabitants of the vast cathedral, a town in itself. It was the College of Priests, of which now hovered over the pallet of the Archbishop fading away.

"In ten minutes," whispered he in the newcomer's ear, "all will be over." He exchanged a meaning look with Orsono, and added: "No pain—merely an extinction of life. Ah! what wonders might not the man accomplish whose art could deal out death in magnificently-divided portions, so that an hour of disease could be hastened, delayed, timed like the watch-clock!"

The puffy visage of the Sevilian churchman turned a little paler. He divined the mockery in that aspiration, and nervously turned the huge gold ring on his aldermanic thumb, in which a talisman against poisons was inclosed.

"Then," said Diego, holding out his hand, "it is a compact, my lord! May the death which befalls this graybeard under our clasping hands await him who breaks our plight! You two faithful friends are witnesses, and this I know you will not hesitate to avenge treachery to me, though the offender should be Primate of Spain and Archbishop of the United Sees of Seville and Toledo."

Hassan laid his hand on a battle-axe which swung from his girdle, and Orsono rested his vulture-like eyes on the Sevilian. The latter's flabby face shook non vulnively.

"It is a bargain!" said he falteringly.

"And your predecessor is dead!" said Diego. "Mondragon, let all enter!"

As he spoke, he fell on his knees and buried his head in his cloak, that none might see the smile of joy on his features, while all would imagine his grief too painful to be witnessed.

The Sevillan stood by the head of the moribund, and held to his chilling lips an ebony crucifix on which a Christ chiseled out of solid gold, and with diamond eyes and cut steel spikes, shone and sparkled. Mondragon flung open the door, and his comrade, in the muffling voice of a monk, endowed with a perpetual cold in the head, thanks to early prayers on frigid stones, whined piteously:

"Enter, my brothers, and behold! The passing away of the truly good and reverend saint, our late father of Toledo, is being accomplished, and the unearthly

A number of the Cathedral servitors poured into the bare and uninviting chapel. They saw a rare and striking contrast. The snowy-headed priest whom all adored stiffening on damp straw; and the pampered prelate, famed for presiding at boards where pastry and wine-cups predominated, proud in his purple and weighty chains.

"The pure and upright soul is gone to our fathers," said the latter, pointing upwards with his crucifix in an attitude studied to display his plump, dimpled and bejeweled hand. "Let us pray!"

Not only the chapel and the corridor, but the Cathedral aisles, whereto had hastened all the religious fraternities, by the lightning-like rapidity of a warning that death had stricken the beloved shepherd, were full of mourners. And, as all fell upon their knees and entoned a psalm and prayer, the reverberations which arose and resounded overhead, making the innumerable statues vibrate as with sorrowful life, imposed even upon the murderous heart of Count Diego.

Before the last echoes had died away, the Sevillan rose, and producing a portentous parchment, garnished with a huge black seal and an illuminated cross, from under his furred mantle, he said, with as much fullness of voice and solemnity as nature permitted him:

"Peace and rest eternal lie upon the soul of our dear departed brother, now and henceforward, forevermore! Amen! I, Isidro of Seville, by the grace of the God of mercy and right, whom we pray to direct each and everyone of us present in hearing in the right—Archbishop and Lord, and by the choice of the holy Council of Inquisition Lieutenant, to all our brothers of St. Francis, Saint Mary, Benedict, and others, hospitallers, praying friars, servants of the altar and tabernacle, bailiffs, seneschals, agents and servitors greeting! Awaiting the approval of the King of Spain, our sovereign lord, take note that we, Isidro of Seville, are lord temperal and spiritual of this See of Toledo, and, as Archbishop and president of the Holy Inquisition, declare the rule of this temple, and all the sacred edifices in our imperial city of Toledo, vested solely and entirely in our hands; and to disobey, to murmur, or condemn, is punishable as we direct. Hear all, and suffer not yourselves to listen to the agents of Sathanas."

All bowed, and slowly and silently each priest in the chapel made a meek obeisance to the new master as they shuffled out. The conspirators were left alone, save poor old Francisco, who told his beads, as he knelt with tears in his aged eyes at the forlorn bedside. The Count's gaze met that of the prelate doubly an Archbishop, but both refrained from expressing their satisfaction.

"I have done my part of the compact," muttered Diego. "You are master here. And now the town is mine, and my deeds will not be hampered by remonstrance from the church bells. Look to your ears, my friend of the swordmaking tribe! You had better have kept the armor I wear than venture about by night or day within stroke of my sword."

"Will you join me in a feast at the palace?" inquired the prelate, who had averted his head from the quieted form of his predecessor on the stones. It had been shifted up and neglected too long—but, the chambers not converted into a hospital! Faugh! it will take me a month to purify it of the broods."

"Thanks, but I have work to do. After the fray, the banquet"

The two plotters parted in the best of spirits. As the Archbishop paced the long aisles, where the lingering monks bowed obsequiously, the smile vanished with which he had given Count Diego his benediction at parting.

"Fool!" muttered he, biting his sensual lips thoughtfully. "Does he really think I would let the prey be saved, and with him? After the overt act of rebellion I will appeal to the King, and be so energetic in repressing the revolter, that much will be given me. Diego of Toledo, the Inquisition which doomed your brother for sorcery has not eyed your own tampering with heathen devices with tranquility. Count, you are a doomed man!"

In the meantime, little respecting what depth of malice the heart of that bland, pompous, oily prelate could contain, the object of his threats was being led by Orsono, priest for the nonce and custodian of the Cathedral treasury, to its repository. Not for him had the pillars of marble and porphyry waxing heavy, the height of the Cathedral sublimity, the length of the aisles solemnity. Thanks to the many subdivisions in the body of this great monument of Gothic structure, they were some time reaching their goal, and Hassan's limping delayed their eagerness. All the priests had hastened to pay their court to the new holder of power, and every chapel was untenanted as they passed.

Orsono had unhooked a silver lamp, and, as he ushered them on, its rays fell upon gilt and paintings, marble tombs, tapestries of price, bronze and iron gates, and silver gratings, jasper columns and Oriental encrustations of pearl and precious stones.

These revels only whetted the greed of the Count and his followers, and they passed on, not even once turning their heads to be sure they were alone.

For the swordsmith, upon the chapel being deserted, had come forth from his concealment. He stopped and kissed the freezing hand of the dead and forsaken Archbishop, removed the blessed ring of Count Orloff's finger, and, registering a silent vow of vengeance, hastened after the Count. When he saw them at last disappear from the corridor by a heavy door, he smiled to himself, and, walking up to the solid wall near that same entrance, seemed to sink into the ground, so sudden and complete was his disappearance.

No noise had attended it either; for Orsono's sharp ears, as he closed the door carefully, caught none whatever. He locked it with one of a bunch of keys, exquisite specimens of the locksmith's art, and drew a swinging bar down into its place.

The Count and his retainers now stood in a nearly square chamber of some height, but of no great extent. The walls were of so solid a construction that they seemed rather hewn out of a rock than built of masonry. There were no windows. Some clusters of perforations in the figures of stars and crosses in the vault showed that it served as ventilators, but they let in no outer light. The sole illumination was that of the lamp carried by Orsono. Against the walls were set some twenty cupboards, all with iron doors of considerable thickness, firmly secured and lavishly provided each with ingenious fastenings. The custodian hung his lamp to an iron bar with a hooked end protruding from the wall for this purpose, and rapidly unlocked all the doors of the cases. In a few minutes the dull and cheerless cell had changed into a glittering abode, which Hassarac of the forty thieves would have coveted. These cupboards contained unheard-of treasures. The Count dropped into a gilt chair, and gazed agape.

On row after row of shelves bent under a service of silver plate incredibly massy. Another overflowed with brazen basins full of gems and precious stones, choice, matched, picked to be unique for size and purity of water. There were candlesticks of weight each to make a strong man stagger; crosses on stands of agate, cornelian and foreign woods; imperial crowns which adorned the heads of images of saints on days of ceremony; relics of the martyrs set in gold and diamonds. Cups sparkled as of fairy-land, cut out of single emeralds, rock crystals, carbuncles. While still the Count stared, and Hassan forbore to breathe in his admiration, Orsono drew the second lamp from a tall heap in the corner, and disclosed a sight which extorted a cry of amazement and rapture from the beholders, though already full of wonder. It was a tabernacle of the height of a man, of solid silver, enhanced by gilding, the summit terminated in a forest of spires, crossed, balls and pinnacles, curiously and studded with rare stones. In the innumerable niches, hundreds of statues, all in precious metals and deftly wrought, with eyes of ruby, amethyst and sapphire, gleamed dazzlingly. Upon springing wires a host of angels and cherubs fluttered above the heads of the kings of Cologne, prophets, saints, apostles and martyrs. Human ingenuity seemed to have exhausted itself in this wondrous combination of thousands of separate pieces, each a priceless ornament, and the strength of fifty men would have been tested in the lifting of it. Indeed, mounted wheels at the splendid structure was, as soon as thirty lay brothers had much ado to engage and push it to the master-altar, before which it stood on the grand days of festival.

"By the soul of my father," exclaimed Count Diego at last, "what a treasure! Much of this I have beheld before, it is true, but not so nearly and in the mass. In the immense Cathedral hall, besides, even such pyramids of wealth are diminished in apparent magnitude. Here, within arm's-reach, my marvel has bound me with a spell."

"Had I but known of this," sighed Hassan Mondragon, scraping the stones with his wooden leg restlessly, "the crew of the Black Griffin would have paid even Toledo a visit. O Father Yusauf, in all your tales of your country's treasures, you never were more true than in recounting the wonders of this place! What a prize for a whole kingdom to fly to arms! What a prize for rapacity! Why, a twentieth would make a galley-slave the peer of his lord!"

The Count in some measure recovered his coolness. He took up the Virgin's crown, and tried the weight of it on his head and in his hands.

"Over a dozen pounds!" muttered he. "And this is but one of a score. Sacrilege or no! the die is cast! Orsono, you tempt too liberally—I yield! What is your scheme?"

Orsono drew a footstool—silver, carved in masterly manner and covered with Flemish velvet as thick as a merino sheep's fleece—near the Count's chair. Hassan approached and leaned against the open door of one of the presses, his foot in the midst of a heap of the plate.

"Simple, my lord, but magnificent as our surroundings. It is folly to seek to dethrone a monarch, since the occupant of a throne, newly come to it, makes foes as thick as flies in the sun. But one may be happy if so powerful, so prodigiously rich, as to be compeer with an emperor really reigning, but rather an abdicated elder brother than a rival. The Count of Toledo is a magnifico, whom the Emperor may naturally rank next to himself, but his sixty thousand ducats a year permit not the royal state."

"Alas!" sighed Diego, in the tone of a beggar who searches his rags in vain for a maravedi.

"But here, here! in a hundred years the prodigal son could not waste this abundant substance. Reigning foreign has left each its layer of riches in the church, and the accumulation is overpowering. And yet, such is the sarcasm of position, you cannot lay fingers on a single flask of consecrated oil. The Count of Toledo may slay a variet without an outcry from a justice; but let him steal the jewels of St. Jayme, and all Spain will swarm to his castle, and pluck stone from stone, never reposing until the sacrilegious robber should be burnt to cinders and those ashes scattered to the sirocco!"

The Lord of Toledo shuddered, and tremblingly replaced the massy crown whence he had lifted it.

"It is true," said he reluctantly.

Hassan leased his head in defiance and scorn.

"I would tear such a circlet of value from the skull of the dead in the tombs we trample on!" said he warmly.

"Yea, none doubts you," resumed Orsono. "To the point. What your lordship cannot do, your devoted servitors will accomplish for you. By my suggestion you have supplied me with money, and your approval for the congregation of the homeless, the outcast, the pauper, and fugitive, in and about Toledo. I have used all my wits, and my well-paid emissaries have more than accomplished my notions. At this moment there can be collected, by the sound of trumpet, a horde of dangerous scoundrels, three thousand strong. When we call them to the flag, they will be ten thousand. Many are cowards if met alone, but most are old soldiers, bravoes, swashbucklers, desperadoes, who, in an army, will be irresistible. At all events, this town, where there exists no large body of men trained to act together, is at my friends' mercy. Through your colleague, the new Archbishop, his soldiers can be rendered useless or put out of the way, while your own will be under leading-strings. Before the news of the swoop reaches another town of force, or the Emperor, all will have been carried out."

"But what will it avail if a rabble has the spoil of this fane to sport with?" cried the Count nervously.

His steward smiled, and lifted his skinny hand to implore patience.

"Nothing! But have you never seen a swarm of wasps attack a horse? It appears that each implants its sting in the maddened creature; but study them nearer. Only a few, beside the buzzing, bustling envy, are really puncturing the hide. The others, by their very eagerness, keep off one another from the victim. So with our game. Within the host of ruffians, my son Hassan will govern an active nucleus—a troop of selected pillagers, drilled in their work. All will storm the Cathedral, all will beat off opposition and overcome defense; but the chosen few alone will penetrate here and bear off the treasure. All is laid down how to act. The lighter valuables will be at once taken down the river; the rest borne in two directions, north and west, except the heaviest, for which I have found a hiding-place in the Caverns of Hercules."

"The Caverns of Hercules," repeated the Count. "I do not like the sound of the name. It is haunted, the abode of unknown terrifiers. But the other night the awful procession which repeats the burial of the murdered Moor again took place, scaring the warworn veterans from the watchtowers and hushing the very wolves of the forest into smothered yelps at the moon. I am less superstitious than most men; but when a hundred persons speak to the sight of apparations, I doubt—I almost believe."

Orsono laughed in a quiet, sneering way.

"Neither doubt nor believe," said he. "My lord, you are too credulous. I hardly thought it worth while, in the press of weightier matters, to mention this fact: that procession was real. Instead of a Moor, though, the body of Miguel the swordsmith was borne to its last, long home by his brothers of the anvil and the dwellers in the ironworkers' quarters."

"Yunsuf!"

"It is true."

"But then you know how the corpse disappeared through stone walls?"

"Not I. But his was the body in the coffin. I saw his widow weeping over it, and I heard the funeral oration—edifying, for your swordmaker is a born orator. I would I had his voice to harangue my host of mendicants."

"Hang him!" ejaculated the Count. "He seems to be engaged in every incident that turns a barbed shaft to my heart. If he should be knocked on the head during the action, I would forego a goodly portion of this treasure."

"To the treasure again. Well, while the spoil is being borne away to safety by Hassan's band, the others will be confused. That is your moment to sally out of the Alcazar with every man who bears your shield, and engage the rabble so hotly that none will remember to pursue Hassan's. Thus will you earn the gratitude of the townspeople and the thanks of the Emperor. Immediately after, we shall turn the plunder leisurely into other goods, and openly bring these into your palace—more than ever a palace."

"But," began the Count.

"I know," interrupted the renegade. "You say to yourself, after I help my captain to getting free off with the pillage, how can I reckon on receiving the benefit? That is natural. Oaths are of little weight between us—and it is a pity. Yonder is the Bible, written by St. Luke's own hand, and given to our temple by St. Louis, King of France, and that would make a forsworn priest faithful now. Howbeit, let interest bind us. I love Toledo, and I would rather be your acolyte, my lord, than master in your palace. I am too old to take up the pilgrim's staff again. I remain here, at all events. As for Hassan, he is but a crippled dragon. The sea is no more for him, and the Jew will have his hand, now that he has paid him no tribute since the Black Griffin sank. In a word, we are true to your lordship; we are perforce bound to serve you, for at the same time your glory enlightens you, it will shield us. We are worms which need a sheltering stone. In any case, we cannot be dispensed with. Trust us, or be not served."

There was a pause. It was impossible for the Count to divine the secret reasonings of the impenetrable renegades.

"So be it," said he. "As I act my part, may you be wise enough to act yours."

"Well," said Orsono, a mocker of the passes, and fastened them up conscientiously. Meanwhile the Count turned to Hassan and laid his hand familiarly on his shoulder.

"Mondragon, my friend," said he, "how admirably you made away with the girl whom you hate. She is safely bestowed in the dungeon of the ruined castle?"

"Safe," answered the captain.

"Well, Please Heaven, in the battle we wage the swordsmith and your young enemy fall into our hands."

"Would your lordship slay this Johan?" queried the renegade, laughing within his cowl, which he had drawn up about his ears.

"Like a mouse," said Hassan, grasping his battle-axe with a force which drove the blood from his fingers and bleached them white.

"I mean my lord."

"Yes! for his cursed familiarity with the girl Isabel a hundred deaths were due him. The clown! to think of raising the hideous mole into the Queen's damsel of honor! Why, I bear the knave a grudge no less intense than my captain's. We'll make mince of him betwixt us. He comes between axe and block, my faith!"

"Not so fast," observed the renegade, who had concluded his veiling of the treasures from the profane by a glittering tapestry drawn over the alcove of the relic reliquary. "What will you say when I tell your lordship that *his* hand at least must not spill a drop of Johan Carillo's blood."

The two hearers looked their wonder.

"One of the gipsies who brings his band hither to have a share of his profession of his church, my lord, is an old *companero* of mine. It was he who furnished me with many a witches' plant for our incantations, and found us books which the Holy Office condemned and banished from libraries. For graver cause, my lord, you know him. A little later you ordered him on two missions: *primo*, to make away with the wife and son of your brother, the Count, and then to split the skull of the father and husband in the last struggle of the Commons against the Nobles, in which he was fool enough to mingle."

"That man alive!" said Diego, biting his lips, and a flash of fear in his eyes.

"Alive! very surely so, and king of his gipsy tribe—old but hale! one of the *sangremalo* wear well!" said the renegade. "Well, it chances that he has met Carillo at the smith's, and, being of an inquiring mind, like myself, and struck by something in the young man's face—he puzzled out the problem. I am to believe his story, as I have said, you were not willing to leave the fate of your brother Hernan, my lord, to the fortunes of war."

The Count started slightly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MY BEAUTIFUL LOVE.

TO L——, BUFFALO, N. Y.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

My beautiful love, my beautiful love,
My fond heart is breaking for thee;
For a glance, or a smile, or a clasp of your hand,
For one pitying look from me.

Then turn upon me thy beautiful eyes,
Just smile on me once ere I die;
Let me have from your lips just one loving kiss,
From the depths of my soul I cry.

'Tis said love is blind, but with me 'tis not so—
All your faults have been opened to view
By dear Mrs. Grundy, and troops of her friends,
Who keep a close watch upon you.

They have branded thee, darling; but though the whole world
Should gaze on thee coldly, with doubt and disdain,
There's one heart beats true—though others prove sold—
There's one who would love thee through sorrow or shame.

ALLIE.

ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

CHAPTER III.—REVENGE AND FORGIVE.

In this condensed narrative we must briefly pass over an interval of some five-and-twenty years. But during that interval the Reign of Terror had swept over France like a dark and gloomy miasma pregnant with innumerable horrors, though promising a healthy reaction in the future. The ancient regime had passed away, but regenerated France found but little reason to boast of her brief season of liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. All this Reuben Lavoisier had foreseen when the rights of property were scoffed at by the Sans Culottes; but he never dreamed that a man of destiny would rise from the people to make and unmake kings, and even to beard the terrible power that threatened to turn Europe into Cossack, and under whose cruel laws he, though guiltless of all crime, had suffered a long and weary martyrdom. By a strict and careful attention to the duties assigned him (his superior ability having secured him a position as under-clerk in the Government store at Tobolsk), he very soon won the favor of the governor of Siberia, who granted him as large a degree of liberty as the record would allow to a person noted as dangerous, and a political felon who should be guarded with jealous scrutiny. In consequence of these suggestions, the first ten years of the unhappy family's exile were indeed sad and sorrowful. During that interval Elizabeth Lavoisier gave birth to three children; but, lacking the proper necessaries of life, and with no friend to appeal to in that trying hour when woman most needs a comforter (for the neighbors were as barren of all that appertains to make home pleasant as herself), they soon succumbed to the icy blasts of the Siberian Winter. Still Reuben Lavoisier lived under his misfortunes like a true man, while Elizabeth, like the gentle Desdemona, seemed to love him better for the dangers he had passed, and the misfortunes he had endured. Her father scarcely survived their fearful journey a month after their arrival, and truly during the first ten years of their exile they drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs.

Ten years of faithful service are a sufficient guarantee of a man's fidelity and honesty, especially as no word of treason or mutterings against the Government were ever heard to pass his lips. If his pulse beat faster when he remembered the Mosaic law—"an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"—he never suffered his actions to betray his hidden thought. The Judge was a just man, and a close observer of human nature, having dealt with convicts of every class and character ever since he had been appointed to the post, twenty years previously. Reuben Lavoisier was a model convict, one worthy of recommendation to the imperial court for marked favor, and soon the joyful news came that he was to be furnished with better quarters, and for three days in the week his time was to be his own.

If he had a great purpose in view, none could solve the riddle; but as his influence advanced, he displayed all the energy and tact of the past. When the couriers brought in a new horde of prisoners to people the sterile colony, there likewise came news how the man of destiny was threatening to Winter his army in the Muscovite capital; and among other items of interest he one day learned that Count Orloff, while gallantly leading a forlorn hope, had received a musket-shot in the heart, and was gathered to his fathers. Strange as the fact may seem, his fond wife had never seen him look so gloomy and desponding as on the day when he related to her the fate of their former persecutor. There was a handsome boy, a year old, in the cradle (a pledge of love since their fortunes had altered for the better), and she lifted him to receive the nightly kiss from his father; but he shook his head, and said:

"Not now, Elizabeth, for I fear my lips might scorch the innocent babe."

The cheek of the wronged man was glowing, and he muttered through his set teeth:

"This is the heaviest wrong fortune has showered upon me. He died in honorable battle, the remorseless villain who wrought ruin to me and mine, and I, who have dreamed for long years of revenge, can only wring my hands with impotent despair."

"Hush! my dear husband. The walls have ears. Remember, his conscience must have often upbraided him for his terrible crime; and as Providence has lately smiled upon us, we must try and forgive him. See! little Reuben is stretching forth his hands to intercede for our former enemy."

"Elizabeth, you have a woman's heart in the true sense of the words, as regards the holy attribute of charity; but I am of a sterner nature, and have never departed from the faith which solemnly maintains 'the sins of the fathers shall descend upon the children.' And if our son Reuben grows up to manhood, and Count Orloff has left an heir to his vast estates, he shall learn the story of the wrongs we have endured, and shall prove our avenger. Say no more upon the subject to divert me from my purpose, for toward the kindred of Count Orloff my heart must ever remain as hard as the nether millstone."

Elizabeth bowed her head submissively; for her husband's will, hitherto coupled with every act of manly kindness, was ever her cheeriest household law. Her love, like gentle Ruth's, was paramount to all other earthly things; but, nurtured from the cradle with Christian admonitions, she could not believe that the innocent should suffer for the guilty, and resolved to instill in her child's mind that the forgiveness of an injury often conquered an enemy more effectually than carnal weapons, and that kind words on such an occasion smote sharper than a two-edged sword.

She bore her husband two more children as the years rolled on, but it was long after Napoleon had been driven to the Isle of St. Helena before Reuben Lavoisier received a free pardon from the Russian Government. The fetters of serfdom were never more stronger than at that period in Russia, for many countries of enlightened Europe believed in the doctrine that slavery was a canker that clung to semi-barbarism, and the nobility of the vast empire thought their estates would become comparatively valueless if the Czar passed the fiat of emancipation. The throne regenerated by Peter the Great happened to be filled by a monarch who loved justice, and administered the laws of the land to rich and poor alike. When Reuben Lavoisier's story was whispered at Court, a courier was immediately dispatched to carry the glad tidings of freedom to Siberia, and the family were fully restored to their rights. The elder Lavoisier was indeed bowed with years and infirmity; but his son Reuben was strong, vigorous, in the prime of manhood, and had been taught his lesson well. Count Orloff, the former suitor of Elizabeth Metrovitch, had left an heir to his estate who was nearly the same age—a handsome man, who, report vouched, not only aped his father's vice as an accomplished roue, but likewise bore the name of being the highest gamester in Warsaw. There was a rumor also of his constant success, winning unparalleled sums, that he played by a secret system of his own, and that the game he liked best was rouge-et-noir.

CHAPTER IV.—THE RIDDLE SOLVED.

The reader must have readily fathomed the plot of our narrative by the chain of events related in the last chapter. The scythe of time is continually reaping; and though the play of life continues, there is a constant need of new actors to fill the scene, for death is a prompter who never misses his cue; and when he hurls his dart, the curtain must fling down even on the best and the bravest of the human race. The victims of the elder Count Orloff's tyranny have long since found quiet and peace from earthly ills, for they slumber side by side in the beautiful cemetery of Warsaw. Previously to their demise, as we have related, the Emperor justly restored to them the wealth of which they had been dispossessed while under the charge of treason against the Government, and a handsome estate, valued at five million rubles, with an interest in the mines of Cracow to nearly five times that amount, rendered Reuben, Charles and Isaac Lavoisier, their children, the three richest commoners in the former Polish capital. Then the elder brother, who greatly resembled his father in form and feature, took to travel, and a singular rumor reached Warsaw that he was often seen at Crockford's, in the city of London, where the English nobility played at various games of chance for large sums, though as a votary at the shrine of Fortune he seemed to toy with the fickle jade for very trifling stakes. Scarcely had the rumor died away when there was a report that he was patronizing the clubhouses of Paris, where, known as a person of immense wealth, he was received with great suavity by the hawks, who considered him in the light of a pigeon whom it would be a very desirable thing to pluck. But the sharpest of the number was at fault. What tangible way could be invented to lead a man into rash wagers who was always cool-headed, who never drank anything stronger than sherbet, and who smoked the mildest kind of cigarettes? Even Henry Smith Atkins, whose heavy play had made the stoutest bankers of the gay capital often quake, and whom his American friends vouched could read a man square down to the toes of his boots, was heard to remark, *sotto voce:* "A Philadelphia lawyer couldn't add him up. How a man worth millions of dollars can stand the agony of betting five francs at a lick knocks chicken-feed all into grease-spots. Keeps the cues, too, as if he had lunched off a peck of arithmetics. Then he goes betting splits! Lot's wife, Cape Cod and Turk's Island! Made his money off of salt, did he? Well, if anybody has got his guit, they are smarter than I am, for I am completely off color."

Reuben Lavoisier was a mystery to bankers and croupiers, as well as to those who patronized the game on the wrong side of the table. His wealth commanded respect, and, besides, he was courteous and affable to all. Not till the fall of 1852 was the enigma solved. Then every patron of the gaming-table was aware of the fact that Reuben Lavoisier had been carefully studying the percentage of various games of chance, his object being to ultimately open an unlimited game at Baden Baden. Probably he settled on rouge-et-noir from the fact of having observed Count Orloff, the former suitor of Elizabeth Metrovitch, had left an heir to his estate who was nearly the same age—a handsome man, who, report vouched, not only aped his father's vice as an accomplished roue, but likewise bore the name of being the highest gamester in Warsaw. There was a rumor also of his constant success, winning unparalleled sums, that he played by a secret system of his own, and that the game he liked best was rouge-et-noir.

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CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A PROVIDENCE DRESSMAKER'S HOLIDAY.

Trade being somewhat dull about little Rhody's usually gay and busy metropolis, Miss Emma Davis, a young and dashing modiste from that festive burg, residing not many blocks from High street, came up to the Hub day before yesterday to look at the fashions, do a little shopping, and meet some old friends. Of course Miss Emma, having a fine figure, a pretty face and very heavy brown hair, naturally put on her best clothes, a prominent feature of which was her nobby and natty $14 felt hat and feather. Yesterday being a fine day, our little Providence heroine trotted about among the crowded shops of our more fashionable thoroughfares, saw the sights, made a few purchases, and then started out to meet some of her friends. And right here is where this little blue-eyed modiste dulled and slipped up. We are not particularly acquainted with any of Miss Emma's friends, but we have good reasons for believing that they were a few too many for her. Her friends may perchance have come out of their dinner party, or whatever kind of a party they attended, all right; but when Miss Emma took to the pavement she had lost all control of her emotions and moral fastenings, and, scraping the acquaintance of a young fellow named Henry L. Atherton of Charlestown, formerly a draw-tender in the employ of the Eastern road, and then known as "Hi Burroughs," she accepted his company, and together they drifted out and about for some hours. Now, Hen Atherton is by no means a stylish young man, or such a chap as this gay modiste would naturally take to; but her emotions being highly stimulated with wine and balm, she was not then at all particular about who she took to. Late in the evening, however, they engaged a room at a West-end hotel, and for an hour or two were quite comfortable. But her quondam acquaintance, Hen Atherton or Hi Burroughs, or whoever he is, turned out to be a mean cuss of the first magnitude. Emma being somewhat tired, as well as stimulated, very naturally dropped off to sleep. Then it was, as the gay Emma lay lulled like the deep ocean when at rest, that Hi Burroughs leaned over her, picked the earbobs from her white ears, loosed the clasped garters from her rounded limbs, filched the greenbacks from her striped stockings, jerked the felt hat from off her heavy-haired caput, and with stealthy tread left the room—left the gentle Emma with her drooping lids stroked with "sleep's dewy wand." Quietly he crawled out of a window, out on to a back shed, down through another house, and so out on to the street. He then rapidly made for Hanover street, where he sold Miss Emma's $14 felt hat for $1.50. The mean cuss! to sell that natty hat for three dirty half dollars. In the meantime (shortly after he left the hotel), the sleeping modiste awoke and found herself robbed. She aroused the caravansery, and in a few minutes Officer Sanborn had the job in hand. He struck the trail of the sneak-thief at once. He caught him; recovered the hat, the earbobs, the garters, and the filthy lucre. Whereat the Providence modiste was muchly happy. Her emotions were stimulated in another direction. This morning Atherton appeared in the dock, while Emma waited in the parquet to bear witness against him. She, however, escaped this last and trying ordeal. Her Atherton pleaded guilty, acknowledged that he robbed the sleeping Emma, when the Court took him in out of the cold and gave him a rest of three months at the South Boston Shoe-factory. The last we saw of Miss Emma was her feather, as she waltzed out of the mill and off towards the Providence depot. Come again, Miss Davis.—*Boston (Mass.) Herald*, Nov. 14.

A SAD CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG GIRL.

Two weeks ago to-day a kind and generous-hearted lady, in passing along one of our principal thoroughfares, noticed a miserably-clad young girl who appeared to be wandering about from place to place with no particular object in view except to eke out a scanty existence by begging. The lady entered into conversation with her, and, learning that she had no friends or place to lay her head in Boston, she took her to Boffin's Bower, and asked Miss Jennie Collins, its proprietor, to allow her to remain for a few days. Miss Collins consented, and endeavored to procure work for her. In a day or two she succeeded in obtaining a position for the girl to wash and wipe dishes for a family on Washington street, nearly opposite the Bower. Here she was to receive a dollar a week, and spend her nights at the Bower. She remained here for a day or two, when for some reason she was discharged; but though she still stayed at the Bower over night, she did not inform Miss Collins that she had lost her place. The latter soon discovered the fact, however, and then for the first time she had a plain, straightforward talk with the girl, and learned her history. The girl was born in Vermont fifteen years ago, of cruel and brutal parents. She was obliged to labor hard every day, and her scanty earnings were seized by her father and spent for rum. Finally, the inhuman father forced her to commit with him a horrible crime, and on a number of other occasions forced her to yield to his brutal wishes. At last she left her home, which was a perfect hell to her, without a cent in her pocket and nowhere to go. She wended her way to Bradford, in the same State. What her conduct was there the writer is not informed; but she became an eyesore to the people of that town, and one and all said they must get rid of her. The Selectmen of the place finally brought their authority to bear upon her, and, as they could charge no crime upon her, and thus have her confined in any penal institution, they paid her fare to Boston, and sent her to this city alone and friendless, with no provision for her future welfare. In other words, she was turned loose into our streets. She arrived in this city, and was wandering around when found by the lady spoken of at the commencement of this article. On hearing her story, Miss Collins took her to the superintendents of several of our public institutions, and endeavored to have her received into one of them, but in each case she was met with the reply that it could not be done unless some crime could be brought against her. If some complaint could be made against her, she could be taken care of; not otherwise. What was to be done? Miss Collins knew not of a single transaction that could be used as the basis of a charge against her. Then the gentleman suggested that she be returned to her home in Vermont, the girl clung to Miss Collins, and in piteous tones begged not to be sent back there; she would go anywhere, commit any crime, rather than go back to her parents. Finding that in no institution of the city or State could the child be cared for unless her life was shadowed by some crime, Miss Collins took her back to the Bower, and again endeavored to procure her work. Her efforts were finally successful. A lady residing on Clarendon street became cognizant of the facts in the case, and offered her a position in her house. At the same time the lady for whom she formerly worked, as mentioned above, offered to take her back, but the girl chose the former place, and there she is at present. It is hoped that a way has been opened for her so lead a pure and better life.—*Boston (Mass.) Herald*, Nov. 16.

A REVENGEFUL LOVER IN A FIX.—Some five or six weeks ago a young man named Charles Perrin, twenty-three years old, a carpenter by trade, fell in love with a good-looking girl whose parents live on Orchard street. Charles has red hair and a freckled face, and although the young lady treated him courteously when she called at the house, she had her mind made up that she could never wed a red-headed man. After an acquaintance of three weeks he asked her to become Mrs. Perrin, and was greatly taken down when she told him that she couldn't think of such a thing. Charles then sought to have the old folks put in a good word for him, but they declined to interfere. He continued his visits, perhaps hoping to soften the girl's heart, but Thursday evening the crisis came. He went to the house with a bottle of acid in his pocket, prepared to spoil her beauty if she did not give him a favorable answer. There was no one at home but the girl and her little mother, and Perrin first invited the girl to take a walk with him. She refused to go, and he asked to see her alone. She also refused this request, and the lover had just got ready to draw the bottle from his pocket when something hit him. He thought it was a dog, but it wasn't. The cork had worked out of the bottle, and his coat-tails were turning brick color at the rate of a yard a minute. The acid wasn't content with the coat-tails, but struck out for flesh, and in about a minute the young man was dancing around the house as if to escape a bullet. Shouting and whooping, he got out of doors and threw off most of his clothing, and rolled in the mud, and it was some time before anyone could find out whether he had snakes in his boots or had sat down on a bradawl. He was so badly burned that two men had to help him to his boarding-house on Fifth street, where a physician dressed the burns. There is a good deal of laughing at his expense, and if he makes his appearance at the house again he will be arrested, as he told one of his friends in advance that he meant the acid for the girl.—*Detroit (Mich.) Free Press*.

A BLACK LOTHARIO COWHIDED.—There was quite a lively sensation yesterday afternoon at Fountain Lewis' well-known tonsorial establishment on East Fourth street. About three o'clock two very tall women and a slender young man entered the shop, and asked to see George Turner, one of the employes. Turner was shaving a customer at the time, but handed his razor to an assistant, and went forward to see what the matter was. Then one of the women put forth her hand, and, catching him by his curly poll, proceeded to belabor him in the latest approved fashion with a cowhide. Turner, being the stronger, freed himself before half a dozen blows had been struck, and returned blow for blow with a gusto, easily overcoming his antagonist. The other young man showed symptoms of desire to join in the combat, but was persuaded to the contrary by another barber, who, armed with a razor and a poker, announced his intention of killing any one who should interfere. After this the discomfited assailants withdrew, leaving George with a badly-wealed face and neck. It seems that Turner while drinking with a party of gentlemen in a public barroom. One of the gentlemen gave her the information, and furnished her with the whip.

BASEBALL.

THE PROFESSIONAL SEASON OF 1874.
Introductory Article.

The professional baseball season of 1874 having closed, now is the time for managers and players to con the lessons the season's experience teaches, so as to profit by them in the future. The questions which naturally recur at this time are: *First.*—What has the season's play shown in the way of general improvement in the game? *Secondly.*—Has there been less fraudulent play than there was in 1873? *Thirdly.*—Have professional contests been as largely patronized as in previous years? *Lastly.*—Have the new rules of the game fully answered the expectations of those who advocated them? Taking up these queries one by one, we shall proceed to reply in due order. First as to

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE GAME.

By the records of the average play of each month of the season in the championship arena for 1873 and 1874, it will be seen that the play of 1874 shows a marked improvement over that of the previous season; for in 1873 there was but one month in which the average of runs to a match for the winning nines fell to nine runs to a game, the other monthly averages ranging from 10 to 15. On the other hand, there was but one month —April—during the season of 1874 when the averages of runs to a match for the winning nines exceeded nine. While in May—the best month of both seasons—the average for 1874 was down to 8, that of 1873 was 9. This shows improved fielding, and, as the ball remained the same in size, weight and material, we must look to improved rules of play as the cause of the advance movement. In the record of the best-played games in the professional arena of 1873, we find but two games marked by scores of less than 4 runs for the winning nines, and but four with scores of 5, while but nine of the season's games were won by scores of 5 for the winning clubs. In 1874, however, there were two games won by scores of 2 to 0; seven games by scores of not over 3 runs for the winning side; twelve games won by scores of 4 runs; and no less than eighteen won by 5 runs for the winning nines. Here is a total of nearly forty games marked by scores of 5 and less for the winning clubs, against a total of but 15 in 1873. This fact alone evidences marked improvement in the fielding skill of professional players during 1874. It is only by statistical data of this kind that such improvement in play can be shown. Another thing may be noted as a feature of the season's play of 1874, and that is the growing liking for a dead ball, and the decided increase in the public taste for contests marked by small scores, the time for heavy batting as an attractive element in a baseball contest having entirely gone by. Week after week, as the season passed on, did we look to see a match in which nine innings on both sides would be played without a run being scored, but no such game was played. The nearest to such a result was in the case of the match at Burlington, N. J., in which the White Stockings of that town defeated the Haymakers by 1 to 0 in a full game. Next to this, and the best in the professional arena, was the 2 to 0 contests between the Mutual and Atlantic and Mutual and Philadelphia nines.

We now come to the second question, relative to

FRAUDULENT PLAY.

In regard to the suspected games of 1874, while there can be but little doubt that the rules against players participating in betting and pool-buying were to some extent evaded or violated, there is no doubt of the fact that the new rules did have a restraining effect on nines governed by stock-company regulations. But there is too much reason to suspect that there still was considerable fraud indulged in by the small minority of unreliables who crept into the arena during 1874; the form in which this fraud appeared being chiefly in the "selling" of bets on contests being won and lost by so many innings' runs. Thus, if it was found that pools were bought on a club's winning a match in one or two innings, arrangements would be made by the knaves of the teams to "sell" the game to the extent of the innings' play concerned, but not to "throw" the entire game. But it frequently happened that the intended fraud on the single inning's play could not be consummated except at the cost of the loss of the game itself. To this extent "irregularities" were as much a feature in three of the principal cities of the Union in 1874 as in 1873. The prevention of this evil lies not so much in the enactment of special laws, as in the action of club-managers in refusing to engage suspected men. While players, however, whose constant associates are men of questionable character, and whose habits of daily life are at variance with those of honest men, are found to be as much in demand with club-managers as are players noted for their reliable record, this evil of fraud can never be checked, no matter what laws may be enacted. The remedy lies, first, with the club-managers themselves, who are as ready to employ suspected men as they are to engage reliable players; and lastly, in the public who patronize such managers. Make it costly in diminished gate-receipts to lower the reputation of a club in this way, and then the managers will suddenly discover that it won't pay to employ suspected men, and then there is a chance that fraud in professional baseball playing will vanish; but not until then, most assuredly.

NEXT comes the question of

THE ATTENDANCE AT MATCHES.

In discussing this question, the element of the tariff of admission to inclosed grounds comes into the estimate with considerable effect. In the early days of professional playing, when crowds of ten thousand flocked to the grounds of a club in the charge for admission was but ten cents; and that, too, when gold was at 200. When the rush began to diminish, and a crowd of 15,000 people, at ten cents admission, had been reduced to an assemblage of from six to seven thousand at twenty-five cents admission, the reason assigned was a falling-off in the interest in the game. To this cause, too, was attributed the further reduction in the attendance at ball matches when the tariff was raised to fifty cents. Now, in regard to the justice of the increased price estimated by the rule of value received, the charge of half a dollar to witness an exciting contest at baseball of over an hour's duration is certainly more reasonable than that of a dollar to witness a great horse-race, which is decided in a few minutes. But this is not the light in which to view the question. The fact is, we are in the midst of hard times; and half a dollar is more to us now—and will be for a year or two to come—than even a dollar was before the panic; and to this fact, mainly, is the falling-off in the attendance at matches during 1874 due. That there has been a loss of attraction through the doubt of fair and legitimate play between some nines, is unquestioned; but the main cause is the inability to meet the expense of witnessing two or three games a week at half a dollar admission. Most assuredly this cause has affected the attendance at matches in Philadelphia and New York, if not in Boston, Hartford and Chicago; and it will be well for club-managers this coming Spring to think well on the subject of a reduction in the tariff of admission to championship contests during 1875. Any change, to be effectual, must be unanimous, and also must be general throughout the season. No isolated cases will suffice to test the question. Given legitimate contests and a regular tariff of twenty-five cents admission, and we think the coming season would see a return to the old-time crowded fields. Of course, this matter of tariff is one the clubs themselves can alone act upon. It is not one that the Convention can fairly deal with. It will not do for the New York ground to charge half a dollar, and the Hartford or Philadelphia fields but a quarter of a dollar. It must be one price or the other throughout the country; and, in view of the financial condition of the people generally, a wise policy in this matter seems to point to the reduction of fifty per cent. as the thing to be done next season.

Lastly, we come to

THE WORKING OF THE NEW RULES.

And here comes up a question requiring careful consideration, for the annual revision of the rules of play of baseball is a matter that has great influence for good or bad on the future interests of the national game, and the subject is one worthy a special article, we defer until our next issue the discussion of the question of the working of the new rules during the season of 1874.

LIVE OAK CLUB OF LYNN, MASS.

This organization stands in the front rank of amateur clubs in New England—a position to which the appended record for the season of 1874 shows that they are fully entitled:

VICTORIES.

May —, Live Oak vs. Kirtland of Lynn	31 to 0
May 14, Live Oak vs. Una of Charlestown	16 — 6
May 21, Live Oak vs. Howard of Brocton	20 — 5
May 30, Live Oak vs. Chelsea of Chelsea	7 — 4
June 5, Live Oak vs. Amateur of Boston	20 — 3
July 3, Live Oak vs. Lowell of Lowell	17 — 6
July 4, Live Oak vs. Tremonts of Cambridge	25 — 9
July 18, Live Oak vs. Clipper of Webster	11 — 10
July 22, Live Oak vs. Beacon of Boston	23 — 15
Aug. 10, Live Oak vs. Star of Boston (10 innings)	11 — 10
Aug. 19, Live Oak vs. Amateur of Boston	20 — 7
Aug. 25, Live Oak vs. Star of Boston	19 — 8
Aug. 26, Live Oak vs. Union of Taunton	24 — 3
Aug. 28, Live Oak vs. Mutual of Washington, D. C.	17 — 3
Sept. 3, Live Oak vs. Una of Charlestown	9 — 3
Sept. 9, Live Oak vs. Arlington of New York	11 — 9
Sept. 12, Live Oak vs. Beacon of Boston	9 — 3
Sept. 26, Live Oak vs. King Phillip of Rockland	8 — 3
Oct. 3, Live Oak vs. Lowell of Lowell	31 — 8
Oct. 5, Live Oak vs. Tremont of Cambridge	8 — 1
Oct. 7, Live Oak vs. Rollstone of Fitchburg	17 — 7
Oct. 21, Live Oak vs. Howard of Brocton	17 — 1
Oct. 17, Live Oak vs. Chelsea of Chelsea	10 — 3
Oct. 20, Live Oak vs. Chelsea of Chelsea	13 — 11
Oct. 21, Live Oak vs. Tufts College of Medford	17 — 8
Oct. 22, Live Oak vs. Clipper of Webster	10 — 1
Oct. 24, Live Oak vs. Gratton of Grafton	12 — 10
Oct. 29, Live Oak vs. Chelsea of Chelsea	20 — 3
Oct. 30, Live Oak vs. Picked Nine, Boston	19 — 0
Nov. 6, Live Oak vs. Picked Nine, Danvers	20 — 0

DEFEATS.

May —, Live Oak vs. Stars of Boston	20
June 5, Live Oak vs. Harvard of Cambridge	1 — 26
June 13, Live Oak vs. Harvard of Cambridge	1 — 12
June 20, Live Oak vs. Atlantic of Brooklyn	1 — 12
July —, Live Oak vs. Atlantic of Brooklyn	6 — 20
July 25, Live Oak vs. Gratton of Gratton	1 — 12
Sept. 13, Live Oak vs. Chicago of Chicago	4 — 10
Sept. —, Live Oak vs. Mutual of New York	4 — 9
Sept. 26, Live Oak vs. King Phillip of Rockland	3 — 5
Oct. 8, Live Oak vs. Clipper of Webster (11 innings)	6 — 8
Nov. 2, Live Oak vs. Boston of Boston	4 — 16

Total games played, 41; games won, 30; games lost, 11. Total runs made by Live Oaks, 532; by opponents, 301.

Of the games lost by the Live Oaks, five were with the best of professional clubs, and two with the Harvard College Clubs, in which the Live Oaks labored under the disadvantage of having two of their best players opposed to them, and being short two others.

THE SANTA CLARA CLUB RECORD.

The Santa Clara College Club of California played eight games during 1874, winning all but one, the club record being as follows:

May 17, Amateur vs. A. B. B. C.	58 to 16
Aug. 30, Amateur vs. A. B. B. C.	27 — 17
Sept. 3, Amateur vs. Eureka	26 — 12
Sept. 13, Amateur vs. Picked Nine	29 — 26
Sept. 17, Amateur vs. A. B. B. C.	28 — 19
Sept. 20, Amateur vs. Originals	15 — 16
Sept. 18, Amateur vs. Originals	30 — 10
Oct. 25, Amateur vs. Picked Nine	11 — 9
Totals	224 — 125

The club-averages of base-hits are as follows:

	Games.	1st B. Hits.	Aver.
H. T. Spencer, s.s.	8	38	4-6
H. Howie, 2d b.	7	28	4-0
C. Stanton, c.	8	31	3-7
A. Arriola, p.	8	30	3-6
J. Bernal, 1st b.	6	20	3-2
T. Dowell, f.	4	12	3-0
R. Remus, l.f.	5	13	2-3
H. Dinklage, 3d b.	7	15	2-1
W. Furman, c.f.	8	9	1-6

Secretaries of California clubs sending us season's averages will please make them out in the above form. Averages of outs and runs are useless statistics.

MEETING OF CHAMPIONSHIP COMMITTEE.—Mr. Houston, the chairman of the Championship Committee of the Professional Association, informs us that the Championship Committee of the National Association Professional Baseball Players will meet at Earle's Hotel, New York, on Nov. 25 (Wednesday), at 6 o'clock P. M.

THE T. B. F. U. S. CLUB.

We herewith present the past season's record of Bridgeport's Alphabetical Club, who claim the amateur championship of Connecticut. The club lost only two games with amateur nines, and were beaten five games out of six by professionals. The best games were those played with the Baltimores, 3 to 5, and the one in which they defeated the Atlantics, 9 to 1.

VICTORIES.

June 6, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Excelsiors of Waterbury, Ct.	20 to 1
June 15, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Athletics of New Haven, Ct.	17 — 5
July 2, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Etnas of Danbury, Ct.	29 — 0
July 4, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Montague of Brooklyn, N. Y.	16 — 0
July 22, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Independent of Norwalk, Ct.	23 — 5
July 24, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Eureka of Stamford, Ct.	30 — 0
Aug. 12, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Independent of Norwalk, Ct.	16 — 3
Aug. 17, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Confidence of New Rochelle, N. Y.	16 — 4
Sept. 1, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Atlantic, Professional, N. Y.	9 — 1
Sept. 7, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Union of Bridgeport, Ct.	10 — 9
Sept. 25, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Independent of Norwalk, Ct.	28 — 5
Sept. 26, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Modocs of Danbury, Ct.	38 — 3
Sept. 26, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Etnas of Danbury, Ct.	29 — 2
Oct. 7, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Yales of New Haven, Ct.	14 — 0
Oct. 7, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Osceola of Stratford, Ct.	15 — 6
Oct. 19, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Hartford, Amateurs	30 — 6
	343 — 50

DEFEATS.

July 18, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Hartford, Professionals	2 — 15
Aug. 6, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Allingtons of N. Y.	8 — 11
Sept. 2, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Mutual, Professionals, N. Y.	4 — 17
Sept. 10, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Reliance of Brooklyn, N. Y.	13 — 20
Sept. 23, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Baltimore, Professionals	3 — 5
Oct. 9, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Hartford, Professionals	2 — 19
	32 — 87

THE TURF.

TROTTING AT FLEETWOOD PARK.

There was only a thin attendance at Fleetwood Park on Wednesday, Nov. 25, to witness the three races announced to take place. The first was a match for $300, mile heats, best three in five, between Mr. Schultz's s. g. Bricks, to top wagon, and Mr. Dixon's s. m. Ice Cream, in harness. Bricks was the favorite, notwithstanding the way he was rigged, and the heavy, slippery track was decidedly against him. Ice Cream won the first heat in 3:14, but Bricks took the second and third in 3:07, 3:10, made a dead heat of the fourth in 3:01, and won the fifth and race in 3:05.

A wagon race, mile heats, best three in five, for a purse of $100, followed; the contestants being Jones' g. g. Ned and P. Duskin's s. g. Monarch, the two other horses entered being drawn. Monarch had the call at the pool-stand, bringing $100 to Ned's $80. The favorite never had a show in the race, for Ned beat him with ease in three straight heats; time, 3:00, 2:56, 3:12.

The third event was a sweepstakes of $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between J. Murphy's s. g. Sorrel Jake, D. Moore's b. m. Susie Clay, T. Lee's br. g. Judge Beedle, and J. King's bk. m. Betsy King. Only the first three in the list were entered, but did not start. In the pools sold before the race commenced, the field sold for $75 and Sorrel Jake for $45. The latter won the first heat in 2:45, with Judge Bedle second and Betsy King third, and then sold for $50 against Susie Clay's $15, and the field $18. He also won the second heat in 2:44, with Judge Bedle again second; and $100 to $20 was freely offered that he would win the race. The third heat was a surprise, for Susie Clay won it in 2:41½, and made a dead heat of the fourth with Sorrel Jake in 2:43; Judge Bedle third, and Betsy King last. Darkness coming on, the race was postponed until next day.

On resuming on Thursday the postponed sweepstakes trot, in which Sorrel Jake had won two heats and made a dead heat with Susie Clay, and the latter had also scored one heat, a scene of rowdyism occurred only paralelled by that witnessed at Prospect Park Course on the previous Tuesday. The numerous backers of Sorrel Jake, finding the money they had bet on him in danger, assembled in front of the judges' stand, and demanded that either the mare Susie Clay, who had been advertised under the name of "Susan," should be ruled out for being fraudulently entered, or that all bets on the race be declared off. This was opposed by those who had backed the field against Sorrel Jake, and the judges at first decided that "all pools sold on the mare on Wednesday were off, but that all pools sold that day (Thursday) would stand;" explaining that those parties who had bet their money on Sorrel Jake, not knowing that Susie Clay was in the race, were also protected; while those who bet their money Thursday did so knowing that Susie Clay was in the race; for Superintendent Van Cott had publicly announced that the advertisement of "Susan" was an error, and that it should have been "Susie Clay." This decision created a sterm of execration and abuse from those who were backing Susie Clay, which lasted some minutes and caused the judges to squarely "back down," for they reversed their first decision, and now decided "that all pools should follow the race." This altered declaration elicited yells and threats from the disaffected Sorrel-Jake party, but finally the race was trotted, Susie Clay winning the fifth and sixth heats with the greatest ease in the reduced time of 2:35½, 2:39; thus showing, it was thought, that she had been "held in" in the previous heats.

The first regular trot on Thursday, Nov. 19, was a match for $200, mile heats, three in five, between Dan Mace's g. g. Carroll, in harness, and J. Phillips' b. m. Ella Madden, to wagon. The latter had the call in the betting at the rate of $50 to $40; but after Carroll had won the first heat in 2:48¼, it changed to $100 to $50 on him. Ella Madden won the second heat easily in 2:41¾, and at once became a better favorite than she was at the start. In one pool she brought $190 against $55 for Carroll. To the general surprise, Dan Mace won the third heat in 2:36; but this did not affect Ella Madden's position as favorite, although much shorter odds were now laid on her winning. She relieved the anxiety of her backers by winning the two next heats and the race in 2:34¾, 2:36¾.

The second race was also a match, being between Dan Mace's s. g. Little Dan, in harness, and J. Splan's b. g. Cheston, to wagon, for $250, mile heats, three in five. Little Dan was a favorite at 2 to 1 to witness a great horse-race, which is decided in a few minutes. But this is not the light in which to view the question. The fact is, we are in the midst of hard times; and half a dollar is more to us now—and will be for a year or two to come—than even a dollar was before the panic; and to this fact, mainly, is the falling-off in the attendance at matches during 1874 due. That there has been a loss of attraction through the doubt of fair and legitimate play between some nines, is unquestioned; but the main cause is the inability to meet the expense of witnessing two or three games a week at half a dollar admission. Most assuredly this cause has affected the attendance at matches in Philadelphia and New York, if not in Boston, Hartford and Chicago; and it will be well for club-managers this coming Spring to think well on the subject of a reduction in the tariff of admission to championship contests during 1875. Any change, to be effectual, must be unanimous, and also must be general throughout the season. No isolated cases will suffice to test the question. Given legitimate contests and a regular tariff of twenty-five cents admission, and we think the coming season would see a return to the old-time crowded fields. Of course, this matter of tariff is one the clubs themselves can alone act upon. It is not one that the Convention can fairly deal with. It will not do for the New York ground to charge half a dollar, and the Hartford or Philadelphia fields but a quarter of a dollar. It must be one price or the other throughout the country; and, in view of the financial condition of the people generally, a wise policy in this matter seems to point to the reduction of fifty per cent. as the thing to be done next season.

Lastly, we come to

THE WORKING OF THE NEW RULES.

And here comes up a question requiring careful consideration, for the annual revision of the rules of play of baseball is a matter that has great influence for good or bad on the future interests of the national game, and the subject is one worthy a special article, we defer until our next issue the discussion of the question of the working of the new rules during the season of 1874.

LIVE OAK CLUB OF LYNN, MASS.

This organization stands in the front rank of amateur clubs in New England—a position to which the appended record for the season of 1874 shows that they are fully entitled:

VICTORIES.

May —, Live Oak vs. Kirtland of Lynn	31 to 0
May 14, Live Oak vs. Una of Charleston	16 — 6
May 21, Live Oak vs. Howard of Brocton	20 — 5
May 30, Live Oak vs. Chelsea of Chelsea	7 — 4
June 5, Live Oak vs. Amateur of Boston	20 — 3
July 3, Live Oak vs. Lowell of Lowell	17 — 6
July 4, Live Oak vs. Tremonts of Cambridge	25 — 9
July 18, Live Oak vs. Clipper of Webster	11 — 10
July 22, Live Oak vs. Beacon of Boston	23 — 15
Aug. 10, Live Oak vs. Star of Boston (10 innings)	11 — 10
Aug. 19, Live Oak vs. Amateur of Boston	20 — 7
Aug. 25, Live Oak vs. Star of Boston	19 — 8
Aug. 26, Live Oak vs. Union of Taunton	24 — 3
Aug. 28, Live Oak vs. Mutual of Washington, D. C.	17 — 3
Sept. 3, Live Oak vs. Una of Charlestown	9 — 3
Sept. 9, Live Oak vs. Arlington of New York	11 — 9
Sept. 12, Live Oak vs. Beacon of Boston	9 — 3
Sept. 26, Live Oak vs. King Phillip of Rockland	8 — 3
Oct. 3, Live Oak vs. Lowell of Lowell	31 — 8
Oct. 5, Live Oak vs. Tremont of Cambridge	8 — 1
Oct. 7, Live Oak vs. Rollstone of Fitchburg	17 — 7
Oct. 21, Live Oak vs. Howard of Brocton	17 — 1
Oct. 17, Live Oak vs. Chelsea of Chelsea	10 — 3
Oct. 20, Live Oak vs. Chelsea of Chelsea	13 — 11
Oct. 21, Live Oak vs. Tufts College of Medford	17 — 8
Oct. 22, Live Oak vs. Clipper of Webster	10 — 1
Oct. 24, Live Oak vs. Gratton of Grafton	12 — 10
Oct. 29, Live Oak vs. Chelsea of Chelsea	20 — 3
Oct. 30, Live Oak vs. Picked Nine, Boston	19 — 0
Nov. 6, Live Oak vs. Picked Nine, Danvers	20 — 0

DEFEATS.

May —, Live Oak vs. Stars of Boston	20
June 5, Live Oak vs. Harvard of Cambridge	1 — 26
June 13, Live Oak vs. Harvard of Cambridge	1 — 12
June 20, Live Oak vs. Atlantic of Brooklyn	1 — 12
July —, Live Oak vs. Atlantic of Brooklyn	6 — 20
July 25, Live Oak vs. Gratton of Gratton	1 — 12
Sept. 13, Live Oak vs. Chicago of Chicago	4 — 10
Sept. —, Live Oak vs. Mutual of New York	4 — 9
Sept. 26, Live Oak vs. King Phillip of Rockland	3 — 5
Oct. 8, Live Oak vs. Clipper of Webster (11 innings)	6 — 8
Nov. 2, Live Oak vs. Boston of Boston	4 — 16

Total games played, 41; games won, 30; games lost, 11. Total runs made by Live Oaks, 532; by opponents, 301.

Of the games lost by the Live Oaks, five were with the best of professional clubs, and two with the Harvard College Clubs, in which the Live Oaks labored under the disadvantage of having two of their best players opposed to them, and being short two others.

THE SANTA CLARA CLUB RECORD.

The Santa Clara College Club of California played eight games during 1874, winning all but one, the club record being as follows:

May 17, Amateur vs. A. B. B. C.	58 to 16
Aug. 30, Amateur vs. A. B. B. C.	27 — 17
Sept. 3, Amateur vs. Eureka	26 — 12
Sept. 13, Amateur vs. Picked Nine	29 — 26
Sept. 17, Amateur vs. A. B. B. C.	28 — 19
Sept. 20, Amateur vs. Originals	15 — 16
Sept. 18, Amateur vs. Originals	30 — 10
Oct. 25, Amateur vs. Picked Nine	11 — 9
Totals	224 — 125

The club-averages of base-hits are as follows:

	Games.	1st B. Hits.	Aver.
H. T. Spencer, s.s.	8	38	4-6
H. Howie, 2d b.	7	28	4-0
C. Stanton, c.	8	31	3-7
A. Arriola, p.	8	30	3-6
J. Bernal, 1st b.	6	20	3-2
T. Dowell, f.	4	12	3-0
R. Remus, l.f.	5	13	2-3
H. Dinklage, 3d b.	7	15	2-1
W. Furman, c.f.	8	9	1-6

Secretaries of California clubs sending us season's averages will please make them out in the above form. Averages of outs and runs are useless statistics.

MEETING OF CHAMPIONSHIP COMMITTEE.—Mr. Houston, the chairman of the Championship Committee of the Professional Association, informs us that the Championship Committee of the National Association Professional Baseball Players will meet at Earle's Hotel, New York, on Nov. 25 (Wednesday), at 6 o'clock P. M.

THE T. B. F. U. S. CLUB.

We herewith present the past season's record of Bridgeport's Alphabetical Club, who claim the amateur championship of Connecticut. The club lost only two games with amateur nines, and were beaten five games out of six by professionals. The best games were those played with the Baltimores, 3 to 5, and the one in which they defeated the Atlantics, 9 to 1.

VICTORIES.

June 6, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Excelsiors of Waterbury, Ct.	20 to 1
June 15, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Athletics of New Haven, Ct.	17 — 5
July 2, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Etnas of Danbury, Ct.	29 — 0
July 4, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Montague of Brooklyn, N. Y.	16 — 0
July 22, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Independent of Norwalk, Ct.	23 — 5
July 24, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Eureka of Stamford, Ct.	30 — 0
Aug. 12, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Independent of Norwalk, Ct.	16 — 3
Aug. 17, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Confidence of New Rochelle, N. Y.	16 — 4
Sept. 1, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Atlantic, Professional, N. Y.	9 — 1
Sept. 7, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Union of Bridgeport, Ct.	10 — 9
Sept. 25, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Independent of Norwalk, Ct.	28 — 5
Sept. 26, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Modocs of Danbury, Ct.	38 — 3
Sept. 26, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Etnas of Danbury, Ct.	29 — 2
Oct. 7, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Yales of New Haven, Ct.	14 — 0
Oct. 7, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Osceola of Stratford, Ct.	15 — 6
Oct. 19, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Hartford, Amateurs	30 — 6
	343 — 50

DEFEATS.

July 18, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Hartford, Professionals	2 — 15
Aug. 6, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Allingtons of N. Y.	8 — 11
Sept. 2, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Mutual, Professionals, N. Y.	4 — 17
Sept. 10, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Reliance of Brooklyn, N. Y.	13 — 20
Sept. 23, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Baltimore, Professionals	3 — 5
Oct. 9, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Hartford, Professionals	2 — 19
	32 — 87

THE TURF.

TROTTING AT FLEETWOOD PARK.

There was only a thin attendance at Fleetwood Park on Wednesday, Nov. 25, to witness the three races announced to take place. The first was a match for $300, mile heats, best three in five, between Mr. Schultz's s. g. Bricks, to top wagon, and Mr. Dixon's s. m. Ice Cream, in harness. Bricks was the favorite, notwithstanding the way he was rigged, and the heavy, slippery track was decidedly against him. Ice Cream won the first heat in 3:14, but Bricks took the second and third in 3:07, 3:10, made a dead heat of the fourth in 3:01, and won the fifth and race in 3:05.

A wagon race, mile heats, best three in five,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Nov. 2?.

LADIES' LIST.

Andrews, Lillian
Aimee, Marie
Adonis & Venus
Adams, Sallie
Avery, Carrie 6c.
Brace, Eliza
Bernard, Mrs. Caroline R.
Burke, Nellie M.
Barrett, Nellie
Bartlett, Belle
Bridges, Mad. Jno. 13c.
Burke, Ione
Brown, Lovella
Beauchamp, Mrs. Emma 16c.
Burton, Clara
Butler, Kate
Bonfante, Marie
Bertino, Gussie C.
Campbell, Ida
Carpenter, Ida (of Holman Co.)
Case, Mrs. W. M.
Coleridge, Blanche (2) 6c.
Cook, Woods
Coes, Mrs. Martha
Carle, Mad. Emma
Charles, Jennie (song-and-dance)
Christie, Frankie (variety "biz")
Craven, Winnetta
Cassell, Madame
Drayton, Allie
Dare, Lorena
Dearden, Fannie
Denin, Susan
Dark, Lizzie
De Brent, Sadie
Du Vare, Lennie
De Forest, Zoe
Dunbar, Mrs. Maude
Ellis, Hattie
Estanbleau, Mlle (2)
Foy, Ida and Bertha (2)
Allen and Hart
Adams, Edwin (comed.)
Andrews, Thos. (circus "biz")10c.
Arnold, O. T.
Austin, A. E.
Adams, Thos.
Allen Bros.
Adams, Billy (Dutch "biz")
Ames, Emile
Arnold, W. N. (2)
Antonio, C. W.
Anderson, Prof. Z. C. (2) 21c.
Boyd, Chas. (of Boyd & Scott)
Brown, E. B.
Baker & Farron
Bunn, Max (with Barnum)
Benoit, O.
Brehm, Julian
Bidaux, Gustave(2)
Browne, Edwin
Bliss, Prince R.
Brown, Will R.
Blandowskie, Mons (ballet)
Brandt, Prof. T. H.
Brand, T. A.
Brown, Ben (with Wagner)
Barcus, J. C.
Blanchard, Chas. A.
Bland, Peter
Bier, Sig. S.
Barr, S. S. (2)
Bokee, W. H.
Bolis, Kenton
Bonham, Prof. Melville
Bacon, Jno. Leslie
Bowdilch, G. M.
Burnett, Alt. (2)
Brennan, R. A.
Bush, I. Taches
Bosworth, Frank
Benton, Chas.
Burke, Jno. (with Maginley)
Brougham, Jno.
Chanfrau, Frank
Chapman, C. Frank
Church, A. W.
Cassim, Jas.
Campbell, Bartley
Cazauran, A. R.
Carncross & Dixey's Quick
Clark, Chas. (of Gt. East. Cir.)
Crane, Wesley S.
Clark, L. J.
Cameron & Keeler
Campbell, J. K.
Cunningham, Jas.
Christie, Albert
Cornforth, Harry
Cooke, Leslie E.
Charles, Prof.
Carr, Frank H.
Cook, Woods
Carney, Neil
Chace, Billy
Carlie, Horace S.
Chaffee, Wm.
Sodoma, Harry (circus "biz")
Carr, Dan. T.
Carroll, Jno. V.
Green & Sadler
Gulliver, Cyrus
Griffin, Wm. (musician)
Garwood, Chas. H.
Gains, Robt. (musician)
Gerry, D. S.
Gayler, Frank C.
Forest, Katie
Fitzpatrick, Mrs. J. H. (2) 3c.
Foy, Bertha
Howland, Nellie
Hunt, Ella
Hirschfeld, Mrs.
Hamilton, Maude
Howard, Manager Mrs. G. F.
Herbert, Carrie
Holman, Sallie (of Holman Co.)
Howard, Katie (vocalist)
Jamison, Carrie
"J. D." (lady gymnast)
Kirby, Adella
La Rue, Ella
La Fond, Florence
Love, Ella
Lavarute, Carrie
Lenore, Augusta "Lotta" (3)
Loder, Minnie Cora "biz")
Linden, Lillie
La Verde, Belle (of La Verde Child.)
Leeds, Ollie (with Washburn)
Little Nell (2)
Mapilton, Miss (of Mapilton Co.)
Mattice, Lula
Minco, Mrs. Thos.
Murray, Mrs. J.
Maas, Mrs. Jas. 6c.
Myence, Miss E.
McDonald, Nellie (vocalist)
Morris, Clara
Morton, Ida
Montford, Lottie
Nagle, Julia Dean
O'Neil, Kathleen
Pierce, Hattie
Putnam, Katie
Peterson, Louie
Pieris, Nully
GENTLEMEN'S LIST.
Guy, H. (of Guy Family)
Gorton, Jos. (of N. O. Minst.)
Gould, Jno.
Girard, Sig. P.
Hammond, Jno.
Hicks, Wm. H.
Hyams, Nat
Hermsmiller, Jacob
Huthmann, Max
Hays, Jas. (of Georgia Minst.)
Hall, J. W.
Hasselbach, Fred
Henderson, Wm. (with Hanffen)
Hellawell, Jas.
Hall, Mills
Holden, Frank (with Berry Bros.)
Holcombe, Chas. J.
Hawley & Sharp
Heid, Harry
Hamilton, Wiley (2) "Harry"
Harper, Tom (2)
Hall, Rudolph (musician)
Hughes, Andy (comed.)
Hurd, Lew
Holly, Jas. (song and-dance)
Hooper, Geo. W.
Howe's London Circus
Hanley, M. W.
Hindmarsh, Will J.
Harris, W. C.
Hawley, Dr. Jno. E
Heywood Bros.' Gomb. 6c.
Hodges, D. B.
Holman Opera Co., Manag.
"H. D."
Hart, Henri (with Washburn)
Hoffman, Chas.
Jones, Darby (musician)
Jackley, M. H.
Jennin)
Kendall, H. A.
Kent, E. W. (2)
Keyes, D. S.
King, Barney (of King Bros.)
Kearney, M. (vocalist)
Leach, Isaac 6c.
Lawton, "Happy"
Lang, Joe
Leopold, Ed.
Lafortune, Oscar
Lee, Gus
Lind, Karl
Leavitt, N. W.
Launder, Manager
Levere, Leo (of Inter. Nat. Cir.)
Lamoine, Jeddie
Lennox, Geo. J. (2)
Langdon, T. J.
Leopold, Nelli
Larkin, J. H.
Lorraine, Harry
Long, Wm.
Locke, E. A.
Lang, Sam (with Washburn)
Little, Chas.
Lewis, Al
O'Lynn, Bryan
O'Brien, Jno. W.
Osborne, Jno. (with Lannier) 3c.
Odell, Willie
Prosper, Chas.
Pfaff, "Hankey" (musician)
Pullman Bros.
Phelps, Dr. W. M.
Phillips, W. E.
Peak, Eddie S.
Petter, Chas. A.
Pfaff, Conrad
Platt, Chas.
Perry, C. M. (agent)
Pike, Lipman
Pierce, Johnny
Rogers, Wm. A.
Roberts, N. D.
Roussell, Harry
Rator, S. H. (minstrel "biz")
Reynolds, (clown)
Rosaire, Geo.
Robinson's Minst.
Harry
Rhodes, Dan
Read, Chas. H.
Reese, Geo. E.
Robbins, Jason
Rogers, Nat
Randall, Wm. (musician)
Rond, Jas. 4c.
Reilly, Michael K.
Runnells, Fred 10c.
Raynor, W. G.
Roche, Jas. (minstrel) 6c.
Reynolds, Jas. (of Roy & Romer)
Rehmer, Oscar (musician)
Rankin & Castner
Ringold & Rockwell
Rudolph, Carl
Rogers, Charlie
Ryman, Add
Richards, Prof. (man-fish)
Russell, L. H.
Rixford, Henri (with Washburn)
Richards
Rostetter, W. J.
Rutledge, J. P.
Sanford, Jas. (panjomin)
Sweet, J. D.
Sayles, Jno. W.
Smith, Chas. (candy "biz")
Staab, Franz
Schwarz, Peter
Spires, Jno. H. 11c.
St. Clair, Chas. G.
Stanley, Burton
Scott, A. R.
Sarony, Mr. (with Nellie Daniels)
Sheppard, Wm.
Scott, Geo. H.
Stanley, E.
Silvers, E. (of Sarony's Seren.)
Spaulding, Wm. P.
Shirley, A. J. 3c.
Swift, Harry (banjoist)
Sanford, Saml. S.
Smith, W. H. (with Heywood's)
Schmidt, Fritz (with Bidwell)
Stirling, Jno. S.
Stede, Geo. K.
Shelby, Charlie
Sandy, J. B.
Smith, Richard (comic artist)
Spalding & McDonald
Shader, A. L.
Stimson, Alex. (juggler)
Sexton, M. C.
Stewart, Geo. W.
Stinson, Jas. (2)
Silva, I. (musician)
Stewart, S. S.
Saphore, Jno. L.
Stone, Bros. (magical "biz")
Smith, Chas.
Smith, "Doc." W.
Stetson, Harry R.
Sherry, Mr. (of Sherry's Comb)
Thomas & Heeney
Trainor, E. H.
Trent, (Dutch "biz")
Tyler, Geo. H. (3)
Uffner, Frank
Unsworth, Billy
Volner, Geo.
Vilis, J. F.
Wardell, Ed. Adams
Woodfield, W. H.
Western, (union) Dick
Wallace, Wm. Walter
Webb, J. C.
Witherbee, Chas. Francis
Webb, Jno. (drum. "biz")
Willis, Oscar
Webb, Jno. H.
Washburn, Jas. S.
Whitcombe, A. J. 3c.
West, Frank
Willis, Rich'd
White, Geo. (musician)
Wallack, Jas. H
Wilson, Frank B.
Weiner, Saml.
Witherbee, L. E.
Ward, Ellis
Whitney, Jno.
Wilcox, Harry (circus "biz")
Welloch, Thos. (with Denier)
Webster & Kennedy
Webb, G. (of Lingard Troupe)
Winship, Jr., Geo.
Whitney, Jno.
Wallace, Jas. (musician)
Walsh, F. K.
Wagner, Cal (2) "XXX"
Yates, Ben
Young, Chas. W.
Ze-Lem — (circus-rider)

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Nov. 23, '74.

Next to newspaper advertising, that which emanates from the pulpit seems to be most profitable. Before Brother Talmage opened his divine batteries against "the stage" and its belongings, the theatres in our sister city of Brooklyn were not turning away people for want of room to accommodate them; neither were our own places of amusement "crowded from parquet to dome;" but since the good man's clerical advertisements have been made public through means afforded by the press, an improved condition of financial affairs in our theatres has been made clearly manifest. Shrewd managers and equally cunning stars, seeing the advantages to be gained by a continuance of these pious assaults, have come to the aid of the saintly preacher, and have made answer to the arguments urged against amusements by the head and front of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The result has been a general awakening on the subject of theatrical exhibitions, and those who never went to the theatre, now attend to see for themselves whether the dear brother is speaking the truth, while those who always went now go the more. This clerical attack, like the measles, is catching; and already the disease has reached the sweet City of Brotherly Love, that is hemmed in by the placid waters of the rippling Schuylkill and the gushing tides of the lovely Delaware. Jealous of the fame accruing to Brother Talmage, several eminent divines of the Quaker City were announced to open fire on the theatre in genera', and "The Black Crook" in particular, Nov. 22. The most prominent of the assailants were John Chambers, the great war horse; Charles Wadsworth, who a few years ago, delighted an entertainment given in Musical Fund Hall by the Old Folks, in the presence of an audience that crowded that place to its utmost extent, united in marriage two members of the Old Folks' Troupe, the bride and groom being costumed the same as were white mourning; and also the reverend gentleman doing his share of the business in the most orthodox style, upon the stage of the hall; and the Rev. Mr. Magoon, a soft-shell Baptist in good standing. The effect of this pulpit-advertising will probably be to draw general attention to the merits of "The Black Crook," and create a public desire to witness this performance of a spectacle that has never made much headway in a city where little children are abducted with impunity. We have no word to utter against the dear brethren whom we have mentioned. Brother Talmage has no patent for this mode of securing notoriety, and the Quaker City divines are still at full liberty to profit by his experiments. But O! how sweet to turn to that which has for its real object the public weal. While our pulpit orators are letting loose the vials of their wrath against the stage, and those who earn an honest living thereon, another Pastor, even Antonio of the Bowery, is exerting his influence in another direction, whereby City seeks to feed the hungry and harmonize all discordant tastes. While the pulpit is attempting to set brother against brother, endeavoring to engender civil strife with all its attendant horrors, our Bowery Pastor announces that on this Monday evening, at his temple, he will distribute to his patrons sixty real hams; not ham-fat, mind you, but sweet and pure hams of the first quality. Let us draw the curtain on these two opposite pictures; but, before doing so, let us invoke the poetic muse to indite a few lines anent

PREACHER AND PLAYER.

A precious time we've fallen upon,
When smooth-tongued, pop'lar preachers
Forsake the pulpit for the stage,
Like just so many Beechers.
A "Tall Madge" takes the mimes to task,
And 'fore the footlights struts it;
And, as for his own show-shop now,
He virtually cuts it.
Suppose, by way of tit-for-tat,
Our actors mount the pulpit,
And there perform their monkey-tricks:
You bet they'd have a full-pit!

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MR. E. L. DAVENPORT played a brilliantly successful engagement at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Nov. 21, appearing in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," "Richelieu," "Othello," "Damon and Pythias" and "Hamlet." Mr. Davenport's thoroughly artistic personation of Sir Giles Overreach was received by large audiences on the evenings of the 16th, 19th and 21st inst., with every demonstration of approval. Messrs. George Clarke, Jos. E. Nagle, John Jack and Alex. Vincent rendered efficient support in their respective parts. Wellborn, Lovell, Justice Greedy and Marall. Miss May Davenport was a charming Margaret, and with Mrs. E. L. Davenport and George Clarke was called before the curtain at the close of each of the last three acts of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." On the occasion of his last appearance at this theatre, Mr. Davenport, in response to a most cordial and flattering ovation, made a neat and appropriately worded speech, in which he eloquently defended the legitimate drama from the recent attacks made on it by clerical slanderers, and feelingly alluded to the hearty reception and triumph won by him on the stage of this theatre during the past week—the scene of his managerial failure. The Aimee Troupe occupy this theatre for a couple of weeks, followed on the 7th of December by the Lingard Troupe. The Chestnut is booming up since Mr. George Goodwin took hold of it.

MRS. ANNIE SIMON, wife of Manager J. A. Simon, presented her husband with a son at Barry, Ill., Nov. 11.

FROM THE GARDEN CITY our correspondent sends the appended report of amusements, dated Nov. 21: "Of all the places of amusement in Chicago, Ill., during the week just passed, Mr. Gardner's Academy has had the most liberal patronage, and in the spectacular drama of 'Aladdin' and features introduced therein he has given the public the full worth of their money. But little attention need be given to the play proper further than to note the excellent manner in which Miss Rachel Noah played Aladdin. The little lady gave a very pleasing assurance of her versatility, which was quite gratifying to her friends. Miss Roche made a handsome Princess, and Miss Frankie Easton and Lizzie Scanlon were seen to a good advantage as Zobeide and Fatima. Miss Scanlon, who is quite timid to the stage as yet, sang in a very sweet voice, which will admit of great cultivation, 'Thou Art so Near and Yet so Far.' Miss Scanlon may well be proud of her initial effort, among the specialty artists engaged, Miss Ella Westgive the most pleasing bit of acting in her character-songs and sketches. Tillie Marble of the regular company gave a spirited song-and-dance, and another fine feature of the olio were the serio-comic vocalisms of Miss Frankie, who was so popular at the late Adelphi. Hercules Libby gave a graceful performance with his cannon-balls, and Signor Elviro, a very accomplished equilibrist, appeared on the flying trapeze. J. Reynolds did some marvelous feats of sword-swallowing and fire-eating, and Miss Lizzie Scanlon led on a very fine battalion of Amazons, whose evolutions in a mazy drill charmed the masculines of the audience. The scenery was gorgeous, particularly the Grotto of the Gnomes, the transformation scene, during the development of which upwards of twenty figures are worked upon the stage. The music, as is generally the case at the Academy, constituted a very considerable feature of the entertainment, and Mr. Loesch and assistants are deserving of much praise. The houses have ranged very good all the week. The next attraction will be Mrs. Chanfrau on Nov. 23, to continue one week; then comes Toole, the English comedian....."The Virginian," at Hooley's, seems one of that class that 'never tires.' Instead of giving place to 'Peril,' as was publicly announced, it is now put boldly held the boards up to Nov. 20, when 'Peril' was produced, and it will be acted the rest of the week. The attendance has been very good all the week, though the weather has been unpropitious. November 23 'Divorce' will be presented, introducing Miss Fannie Marsh, once a great favorite here, and Miss Viola Plunkett. There has been a speck of trouble at this elegant theatre, which has resulted in the resignation of Fred Williams, a gentleman who has impressed all who have had the pleasure of meeting him as one who possessed to a somewhat remarkable degree the requisites for a successful stage-manager, and a man of culture and refinement as well. It is quite likely that Mrs. Williams and Mr. Harry Murdoch, both of whom have ingratiated themselves into general favor, will also withdraw. The whole trouble might have been avoided if less attention had been paid to the strictures of local critics, who, no doubt, are vastly amused at the amount of sensitiveness their articles have unearthed. The company as it stands to-day is an excellent one, and it is a shame to disrupt it for a mere nothing. Rumor has it that Mr. Buckley of the Academy will go to Hooley's in place of Murdoch.....Wybert Reeve and Miss Stanhope closed at McVicker's Thursday, Nov. 19, and the Ilma di Murska Concert Troupe sang 20, and matinee 21. Saturday night the stock labor with 'Damon and Pythias.' Next (this) week Mrs. Allen will play Jennie Deans in the drama of same name, supported by the stock company. Business very fair. The Dillon-Biaisdell Combination will arrive here Sunday morning from Milwaukee. They go to Detroit and South on Nov. 23."

THE MAJILTON COMBINATON, in consequence of the illness of Frank and Marie Majilton, close their season at St. Louis on Dec. 5, for two months' rest, at the expiration of which time they resume, making several changes in the company.

W. H. Leonard and company play at Newburg, N. Y., on Thanksgiving Night. They are also booked for Washington one week, commencing on the 30th inst.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., our customary letter concerning amusements failed to reach us up to the hour of going to press.

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W. T. MELVILLE, comedian, can be engaged through his agent, Col. T. Allston Brown. He has several new plays.

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FELIX A. VINCENT'S New York and Western Theatre Company is billed at Niles, O., Nov. 24, Akron 25, 27, 28.

OUR BALTIMORE, Md., correspondent, under date of Nov. 21, writes as follows concerning amusements in that city: "Lotta began an engagement at Ford's Grand Opera-house on Nov. 16, in 'Zip, or Point Lynde Light.' She has lost none of her joyousness and dash since last she was here, but has gained in genuine artistic power. The piece was well put on, and the cast good. Mr. Hotto gave a very natural and amorous delineation of Philosophy Jack, and was so good in his duets and dances with Lotta. Mr. Wheatham played the part of Jules Galletti in a fine manner, though it was entirely out of his line, he singing from the top of his voice. Mr. Germon as Sandy Lovelace emitted the damsel of uncertain age in her usual artistic manner. The remainder of the cast was most ably filled by the Misses Roberts and Stockman, Messrs. Southard, Pearson, Rutledge, and Southerland. Lotta had a fine benefit on Monday, playing in 'Little Nell and the Marchioness.' Saturday matinee 'Zip,' and at night 'Little Nell and the Marchioness.' Nov. 23 Lotta's new play of 'Musette' will be given..... The Western, supported by W. H. Whalley, opened the Holliday-street Theatre on Nov. 16 in 'Eastlake.' In 'The Child-stealer,' on Wednesday and Thursday nights, Miss Western was excellent. The support given her in the latter play by Mr. Whalley, Richard Craddock, and Mr. Levick as Lester Young, was very good. Mr. Stanley played Jemmy Jubbs in the first portion of that character irresistible. The little policeman was shown to nature by M. Dagan Simon Nippem. Mr. Burton had but little to do as Ah Marvin, but he did that well. Lord Lansdale, Clark Price, and Maud Lansdale by Miss Gussie De Forest, were ably portrayed. The minor characters were acceptable. For her benefit, on Friday night, Miss Rachel Noah played Aladdin. On Saturday night the stock labor with 'Damon and Pythias.' Next (this) week Mrs. Allen will play Jennie Deans in the drama of same name, supported by the stock company. Business very fair. The Dillon-Blaisdell Combination will arrive here Sunday morning from Milwaukee. They go to Detroit and South on Nov. 23."

THE MAJILTON COMBINATON, in consequence of the illness of Frank and Marie Majilton, close their season at St. Louis on Dec. 5, for two months' rest, at the expiration of which time they resume, making several changes in the company.

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TERMS:

Single copy, 10 cents. Per annum, $5.00 in advance.

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ADVERTISING under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news departments, 50 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance.

FRANK QUEEN Editor and Proprietor,
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

CLIPPER ALMANAC
FOR 1875.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1875, which will be published in December, will doubtless have a large circulation, and our patrons will find it an invaluable medium for placing their business cards under the permanent notice of their customers, and proprietors of halls and opera-houses will find an announcement in it a valuable adjunct to their standing advertisements in THE CLIPPER.

We are now prepared to receive advertisements at the following rates and on our usual cash terms: For one page, 7¾x11¼in., $40; half a page, $20; quarter of a page, $10; a space of 25x31 ems agate, $5.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS MUST BE SENT IN BY DEC. 5.

FRANK QUEEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
CLIPPER office, 88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

POSTPONED.
At the earnest solicitation of many friends who desire to compete,

"THE PHAT BOY"

has postponed the distribution of the
$1,000 ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS $1,000
in prizes for the following productions
UNTIL JAN. 1, 1875:
$300 for the Best Negro, Dutch or Irish Sketch.
$200 for the Best End Song, Negro, Dutch or Irish.
$200 for the Best End Gag, Negro, Dutch or Irish.
$200 for the Best Stump Speech, Negro, Dutch or Irish.
$50 for the Best Ballad (words only) on any subject.
$50 for the Best Conundrum on any subject.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. L., Boston; "Prix, Montreal; "Muffin," "Old Man," Toronto; "Cal," Washington; "Phenix," Chicago; "My Pard," "Frisco; "Dickens," New Orleans; "H. O. T. D." Baltimore; "Gus Phillips," N. Y.; Sandy McGuire, Old "Lemons," etc.—Now you have time: *fail not* to respond. Mitchell, Providence, R. I.—The production, not the writer, will receive the prize. You can compete for one or all. J. J. Jennings, Denver, Col.—Ballad and sketch received. You can forward others, as there is plenty of time. Waldorf H. Phillips, 161 Broadway, N. Y.—Ballad received. Having plenty of time, hope to receive something more. Mr George Ware, Toronto, Ont.—I shall give the prizes if the productions meet the favor of the judges; if not, will return. If I do not get what I want, will negotiate with you. Would be glad to know you're a competitor. Lawrence O'Tool, New York City.—The sketch can be submitted, the drama can be sent, and, if worth it, all right. Walter Lyster, Chicago, Ill.—The sketch can contain from 3 to 6 characters, in any dialect. (No. 2.) See answer to Mitchell, Providence, R. I. Will S. Hayes, Pub. Lib. Hall, Louisville, Ky.—Have booked you for a "ballad." You have plenty of time now. Sam N. Mitchell.—I mean business—no "*tunes*." Pon aint in with it. T. A. Burtt, 100 S. 4th st., Phila., Pa.—For from 3 to 6 characters. No. 1, from ten to twenty minutes. No. 3. I will assist you, if productions please. Wm. Carlton.—The price is high, but go ahead. "*Moore*," Little Billy Lawlor.—How could you be so cruel! But go it again; price is nothing. J. Stewart Rogers.—The judges will decide. "*Heaven direct them.*" Address all communications
"PHAT BOY" AGT., care DR. E. T. BABBAGE,
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Manager Kellogg English Opera Troupe.

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WM. GOURLAY,
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JAMES H. WALLACK,
WRITE TO
BROWN'S HALL,
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Population about four thousand, and a good show-town. This new hall has just been fitted up with new scenery, etc. To let by the single night or week. Address, H. NICODEMUS, Bedford, Bedford Co., Pa. 30-13t*

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This elegant new opera-house is to rent by day or week, has just been fitted with new scenery, footlights, chandelier, reflector, etc., is seated with chairs, and is cas acompodate over 600. Will be rented on very reasonable terms to respectable parties only. Address H. G. WOOD,
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MR. J. L. TOOLE'S COMPANY of Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Nov. 16 to 21; Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, Nov. 23 to 28; Academy of Music, Chicago, Nov. 30 to Dec. 5; Olympic, St. Louis, Dec. 7 to 12, inclusive. MR. TOOLE is accompanied by Mr. Herberie, Mr. Westland, Miss Agnes Michell and Miss Eliza Johnstone of the principal English Theatres, their first appearance in the United States.
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Several Ladies and Gentlemen to complete company for Mr. J. L. TOOLE'S TOUR, viz., First Old Woman, 1st and 2d Walking Ladies, Juvenile Leading Lady, 1st and 2d Walking Men, Juvenile Gentlemen, 2d Utility Ladies and Gentlemen. Tour commences Dec. 21 and continues for three months. Applications containing references and terms to be made to G. B. LOVEDAY, as per advertised route in CLIPPER, or P. O. Box 3,733, New York. 34-2t

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POPULATION, 9,000.
SEATING CAPACITY, 1,000.
Refitted and refurnished, with new scenery and raised seats. Lighted with gas. For terms apply to
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LEE'S OPERA-HOUSE,
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PETE LEE, PROPRIETOR.
Wanted, first-class variety artists, in all branches of the profession.
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offers special inducements to companies visiting this city to stop at this house. 31-9t*

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(Formerly Smith's Opera-house.)
WILL REOPEN DEC. 17, 1874.
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FLYNN'S THESPIAN CLUB HALL, MARSHALL, SALINE CO., MO. For rent for variety business and traveling companies; furnished with new stage, scenery, and is sufficient to hold 500 people. Population, 3,000. One night $8, one week $45. For special rates address MICHAEL FLYNN, Proprietor, Marshall, Mo. 35-4t*

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AND
NAT BLOSSOM,
AT LIBERTY AFTER DEC. 25.
Would like to hear from responsible managers.
N. B.—New sketches and new songs from our own pen.
Address 69 Garden st., Cleveland, O. 35-1t*

WANTED—A First-class Serio-COMIC VOCALIST, to travel with the Overland Panoramas. To open Dec. 22. Send cast and terms to
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35-1t*

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WANTED.—A GOOD WENCH Dancer. Irvin T. Bush, please send me your address.
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COMEDIAN,
Can be engaged for the balance of the season.
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JOE LOCWOOD,
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THE COMBINATION
traveling through the country under the management of a
MR. GAYLER,
and advertising itself as the
UNION-SQUARE THEATRE COMPANY,
is in every respect
FRAUDULENT,
AS NO COMPANY HAS BEEN SENT OUT FROM OUR THEATRE,
nor has
ANYONE THE RIGHT TO USE THE NAME,
except the company which has recently been PLAYING UNDER OUR OWN MANAGEMENT
through New England.
LEGAL STEPS HAVE BEEN TAKEN
to prevent the continuance of this
FRAUD UPON THE PUBLIC.
SHERIDAN SHOOK & A. M. PALMER,
MANAGERS,
Union-square Theatre,
New York. 35-1t

A CARD TO MANAGERS
AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

Look out for one TOM B. DIXON. Mark him well, with a black, deep mark, as an unreliable person, unworthy of an engagement with any respectable company. Whilst in our employ he played the cymbals in our black band, helped to remove chairs after the first-part, and sang in choruses, etc. When we were at Manchester, N. H., on Sept. 26, the above-mentioned Dixon, during that evening's entertainment, became so intoxicated that he could hardly sit in his chair in the first-part, and was also unable to sing his song, which had to be cut off from the programme. For this violation of rule and order we discharged him the next day. He followed us to Worcester, Mass., begging upon us to take him back again and excuse his ungentlemanly conduct at Manchester, promising he would never again insult us and our patrons in the way he did at Manchester, and also promising to take an oath not to drink any intoxicating liquors during the time he should be in our employment. With that understanding we concluded to take him back and give him one week's written engagement. We took him to a Justice of the Peace, and the oath was administered to Dixon, as above, in the presence of witnesses, and he sealed the same by kissing the Holy Bible. On Saturday night, Nov. 14, at Cleveland, Ohio, Dixon came in our dressing-rooms in the evening quite intoxicated, having been drinking pretty heavy all that afternoon, thereby perjuring himself and committing a State-prison offense. Sunday evening, Nov. 15, when the company left for Toledo, Dixon ran, or, rather, stole away, leaving the company without even giving us a moment's notice, breaking his written one year's engagement with us, besides violating his sacred oath. We say look out for him—for a big, black mark is on Tom B. Dixon and no reliable man. He owed nearly every member of our company for borrowed money, and deserted the troupe in the night, without paying them a cent. He is a regular talking machine, and with his tongue he is capable of demoralizing all the minstrel troupes with whom he may be engaged. We warn all respectable managers from recognizing Tom B. Dixon, and thus saving him imposed upon, and likewise help to purify the profession, and keep it free from all such unreliable people. We hold a written engagement against Dixon for one year. Also, bold papers which will prove a clear case of perjury against said Dixon, and can, at any moment, serve an injunction on him, or imprison him for perjury. Yours, respectfully,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
LOUIS BENEDICT,
Proprietors Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels.
Toledo, Ohio, Nov. 16, 1874.

P. S.—WANTED IMMEDIATELY, for one year's engagement, a good first-class TENOR, to lead choruses and sing a ballad, nightly. He must be strictly temperate and gentlemanly. Salary moderate, but sure, weekly, with board and traveling expenses. One who plays brass preferred. Apply as per route ahead: Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 24; Toledo, Ohio, 26; Springfield, Ohio, 30; Zanesville, Ohio, Dec. 4; Steubensville, Ohio, Dec. 8, stating lowest salary. After Dec. 8, care of CLIPPER Office. [35-1t

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The press, the public and the profession unanimously accord to this company of nonpareil artists the first prize for

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Having made the most successful tour ever known in the annals of amusements, from Boston, Mass., to San Francisco, Cal., playing a season of six months across the great American Continent, ascending the Rocky Mountains, and crossing the Sierra Nevadas, and playing to the largest audiences ever seen in the State of California, are now on a three or four years' vacation to Australia.
CROWDED HOUSES AND UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE greet them wherever they appear.

The longest, the most successful, and the most gigantic tour ever undertaken by any company in this country or Europe; every artist connected with this company being under contract for three years, from Australia, from Boston, Mass., to Australia, returning by way of South America and the West Indies. Look at our array:
TIM COHAN,
the renowned Irish Comedian.
DAN P. HOWARD,
the favorite Dutch Comedian and Character Artist.
MARIE DUNCAN,
the charming Irish Comedienne and Vocalist.
FRANK L. MARTYN.
Pianist and Musical Director.
HARRY NICHOLSON,
Champion Comique and Character Vocalist.
KATE RYAN,
the dashing Soubrette and Serio-comic Vocalist.
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Also, in connection with the above mass of talent, the superb
HIBERNICA SILVER CORNET BAND.
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J. E. FLYNN.....E-flat Cornet
TIM COHAN.....B-flat Tuba
HARRY NICHOLSON.....1st Alto
J. E. O'NEIL.....2d Alto
J. HOWARTH.....Bass Drum and Cymbals
GEO. WORTH.....Snare Drum

We take this opportunity of bidding our friends a fond farewell, and trust that time, the leveler of all distinctions, may ere long permit our happy reunion. Direct all letters after November 1 to Melbourne, Australia.
DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.
A CARD.

The management of the Hibernica warn all parties against using the above title or any of the farces played by this company, as both are fully copyrighted, and any infringement thereon will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. Also, warn managers in particular, and the public in general, against supporting or in any way encouraging a traveling show styling themselves Morris & Hayworth's Hibernicans, or offering one or two letters in the general name they strive to pass themselves off as being a branch of this company. We have no connection whatever with any entertainment but our own, and we warn the public against encouraging any such fraudulent representation. We also see that a pianist, by name Henry Donnelly, has been representing himself as having recently left our company. We have had no connection with the party mentioned since May last, and managers can govern them-selves accordingly. We will give ample notice to the public and the profession of our return to the United States, and until such notice is given look out for frauds and snap parties. 35-1t*

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AND THE WORKER,
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The brilliant and extended engagement of PATTI ROSA at my theatre (now drawing to a close) has demonstrated the fact that she will prove a "card" to any manager who is fortunate enough to secure her professional services.
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Don't fail to see the favorites, MISS PATTI ROSA and MR. BOB SCOTT, in their protean sketch, entitled "O'Toole's Party." One of the finest sketches ever presented in Detroit.—THE DETROIT FREE PRESS. 35-1t*

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PROF. J. L. DAVIS, NELL WEST DAVIS,
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specialty artist, with their school of educated dogs, sail for Havana Nov. 24, thence to the City of Mexico.
$10,000 challenge that my dogs understand thoroughly more of the English language than all the animals in the United States. They never perform twice alike. Do not work in routine. No signs to guide them. Nor do I even look at them.
Have splendid cuts and lithographs. Will return to the States about the first of March, 1875. When they don't prove to be one of the best cards in the business, no money expected. J. L. DAVIS. 35-2t*

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